THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PROMOTED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BARBARA BRANDE.

It was after the fight, when the gloaming
Came soft o'er the purple hills,
And the night-bird's tremulous vespers
Were blent with the ripple of rills.
Hushed was the noise of the battle,
Hushed was the cannon's roar,
And our comrade's soul was drifting
Away to the heavenly shore.

"Only a private!" Yet bravely
He fought in the terrible strife,
And through the ghastly gun-wounds,
Was ebbing away his life.
The death-dew on his forehead,
A pallor the bright face o'er,
And the curls, so soft and golden,
Were clotted with crimson gore.

Gently we gathered around him;
A voice the silence broke:
"Promotion awaits you, brave soldier,"
Our captain tenderly spoke.
"Nay, captain, 'over the river'
My loved ones all are gone;
They patiently wait my coming,
But they'll not await me long.

"The day dawns bright before me,
And my sainted mother's smile
Welcomes her pet-boy to her,
Away from earth's sorrow and guile.
Good-bye, boys, I'm going;
Captain, a last good-night;"
And Private Brown was promoted
To the heavenly army bright!

Fall River, Wis.

MARTYN WARE'S TEMPTATION.
IN TWO PARTS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

MR. VAVASOUR'S PROMISE.

The sultry summer's day was drawing to its close, and the cooler air and slight breeze which came up with twilight was inexpressibly refreshing. On some of these London suburbs the heat of the crowded and closed metropolis seems to reflect its rays, rendering them hotter than country places.

In a small but very pretty drawing-room, whose windows looked over the lawn to the high road, sat two ladies on this sultry evening. One of them was not doing anything; unless anxiously watching every omnibus which came past laden with its freight of gentlemen returning home from their labors in the city, could be called anything. She is a very pleasing looking woman, graceful and ladylike; and her countenance would be even more pleasing but for the almost painfully anxious look which it wears just now. You would guess her to be perhaps eight-and-thirty; in reality she is several years more, but Time has passed lightly over her. On these fair, calm, serene countenances he does not leave his mark as he does on more stormy ones. Do you recognize her? Her eyes are dark blue, and her silky brown hair is abundant yet. She wears a pretty muslin dress, with a white collar of lace, matching the hanging lace to her open sleeves. It is Helen Martyn: or rather Helen Ware; for she has been Mr. Ware's wife ever since you saw her last in those old days.

The lady opposite to her is little and thin, with quite a gray complexion, and a cap shading her remnant of scanty hair. She looks as much older than her age as Helen looks younger; in fact, any one would take her to be the older of the two. Only note the contrast in their hands! Helen's are small, young, delicate hands yet; those others are prematurely old and wrinkled. It is Amy Martyn. She has partially recovered the affliction of her childhood, but it has aged her before her time.

Time had wrought its changes. When Mr. Martyn died, and died an impoverished man, leaving nothing behind him, a grave question arose of what was to become of Amy. Elizabeth had died long before, and there was only Amy left.

"She must come to us," Helen had said to her husband.

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose she must; poor Sophy, with her cares and her children, cannot be burdened with her."

Poor Sophy, indeed! Those fond hopes of future greatness, cherished, as you may remember, by the two bridegrooms elect, had turned out but delusive ones. They often do so turn out in common life. The Reverend Mr. Gazebrook had never been remembered in his remote Welsh living, but lived there still; and poor Sophy, in her small parsonage house, with her nine children, had had her temper irretrievably soured in the struggle to bring them up, and to make both ends meet as she did it. It was clear that she could not give a refuge to Amy. Mr. Ware had not risen, either; he held the same situation at the same salary; the board would have been glad to raise it, as they told him every Christmas when they made him a present, but they could not afford it, for the company was not a rich one, and though it did not retrograde, it did not advance. Still, with Helen's good management they were tolerably at ease; in luxury, as compared to Sophy; and Amy was welcomed by them. Amy made herself as useful as she could; her hands were pretty steady, and she could manage plain sewing; she is at present, you see, hemming one of a dozen white handkerchiefs which lie neatly folded before her, and which are already marked with ink in full—"Martyn Ware."

The orange tinge of the sun in the western sky fell on Helen's features, on the smile of hope which hovered on her parted lips, parted just then with the eagerness of expectation. A city omnibus had drawn up close to the gate, and a gentleman, whom she could not yet see, was getting down from the other side of the roof.

"Here he is, Amy."

Amy Martyn glanced up by way of answer, in time to catch the bitterness of disappointment which fell like a dark cloud on her sister's face. The gentleman had come in view, and proved to be not him for whom she was looking.

"Is it not Martyn?" asked Amy.

"No. It is Mr. Ware."

But do not mistake her. Not because it was her husband who had alighted did her voice fall to faintness, her heart turn to sickness, but because she had expected some one else: some one whom she feared she *could not trust* to remain late in town as she could her husband.

A great fear had recently fallen upon Helen Ware. They had never had but one child, a son, named Martyn after his grandfather: and how she loved him no tongue could tell. It is not well; it is not well for a woman to have one only son, for he is all too apt to become her idol. I am not saying this with special reference to Mrs. Ware. She did love her boy, none save God knew how much; but she had never spoiled him, and she was more anxious for his eternal than for his temporal welfare. Only of late had the fear fallen upon her that he was in some way going wrong.

A fear that had taken hold of her very being. She dared not breathe it to others, to her husband, to Amy; she scarcely dared breathe it to her own heart. *How* Martyn was going wrong, or in what particular manner he was transgressing, she could not think, did not know; but the living fear was there.

Mr. Ware came in; a tall man, with gray hair and quiet manners. Helen rose.

"I thought you expected to be very late to-night, Edward?"

"Yes; but the meeting was put off to another day. Is Martyn home?"

Helen answered quite carelessly, as she turned to ring the bell,

"Not yet; I dare say he won't be long."

"It will be a difference, then, from what it has been lately," was the remark of Mr. Ware, as he turned to leave the room.

Tea came in, and they sat down to it, Helen making it as usual. It had grown dusk then, and the lamp was lighted. Afterwards Mr. Ware paid a visit to a friend who lived close by, a gentleman addicted to scientific pursuits, to experiments, and Mr. Ware was fond of joining in them. But for these frequent evening absences, he might have known more of the general irregularity of Martyn's return.

Helen threw a shawl upon her shoulders, and went out to the lawn. Hot as the day had been, a damp had arisen now. Nobody saw her in the dark night, and she laid her head gently upon the iron spikes of the low gate, her breath hushed to listen for the omnibuses in the distance. With the appearance of each one her heart beat with renewed hope. All in vain. They passed; they passed in succession, one after the other. Weary and sick, she turned in as the clock struck eleven.

Amy had gone to bed; she scarcely ever sat up later than ten; her husband, she knew, would not be long, for eleven was the signal for his quitting his friend. But not of her husband, not of Amy, did Helen think; they were in safety. She threw herself into a chair with a sobbing sigh.

Just then the roll of another omnibus was heard, and she started up. "No," she said, heart-sick with the past hour and what it brought, "I will not go, it will only be another disappointment;" and she sank down again.

But it came on slowly and more slowly, and at length stopped. Mrs. Ware went to the door then, and looked from it. Yes! it was her son at last.

He came in at the gate, a gentlemanly young man of twenty-one, with a pale and somewhat gentle face, very much like what hers had used to be. Helen waited.

"Martyn," she whispered, "you are late again."

"Not very late, mother. It is only eleven."

"Where did you stay?"

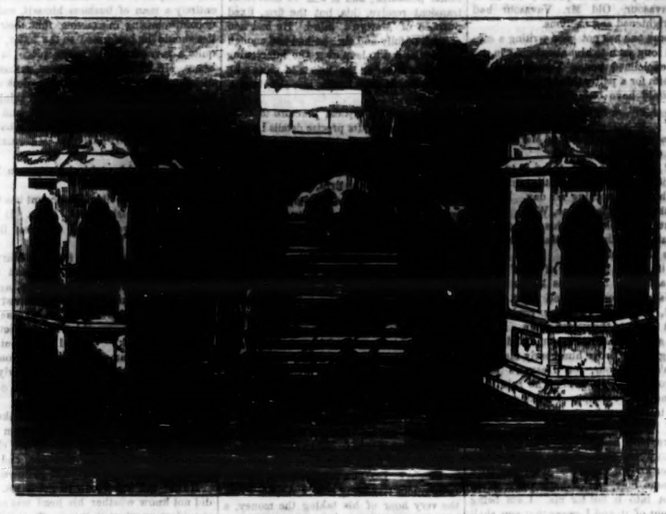
"I went home with Vavasour, and somehow the time slipped on."

"Martyn! you always say that!"

Martyn laughed.

"Yes, I think I do very often go home with him."

Ready as the replies had been, there was a nameless something in the tone which grated on Helen's ear; a sort of evasion—as if he were not telling the whole truth. The miserable conviction was upon her—had been upon her for some time now—that he did not tell her the whole truth; that there was something to be concealed. In vain she strove to draw more from him, she never succeeded, she could come at nothing certain, but she did fear Martyn was going wrong. She might never have suspected it at all, but for the picking up of a bit of paper, a torn note in Martyn's hand-writing; it appeared to be an urgent appeal to some-



VIEW OF THE DHURUMSALA IN THE CITY OF AJMERE, WHERE NANA SAHIB WAS TAKEN.

Our readers will all remember the name of Nana Sahib, accused of practising the greatest barbarities on the English, during the recent insurrection in India. He was captured recently, the immense reward of a lac of rupees having been offered for his head. The building in which the Nana was captured is in the form of a gallery, surrounding a tank of water which is used by the natives for bathing, near the city of Ajmere, India. It is entered by a very small archway, leading down a steep flight of steps, and would not be noticed by one passing along the road unacquainted with the locality.

body about money, some money which somebody ought to have furnished, and it stated there was nothing before him but ruin, unless the somebody "came down" with it. So much she managed to make out of the torn writing. She showed it to Martyn; but he laughed it off, and said it only concerned some fellows in their house. Mrs. Ware was tolerably satisfied at the time; but the fear and the suspicion had grown upon her ever since.

"Will you take anything?" she asked him to-night.

"No, thank you. I suppose everybody's in bed."

He sat down at the table as he spoke, carelessly opening a book that was on it; and at that moment Mr. Ware's step was heard outside.

Seeing his son seated there, a book before him, it is probable Mr. Ware supposed he had been home some time. He began describing the fine experiments at which he had been assisting; he was always full of them after these evening visits. Helen listened mechanically; she heard the words, "condensed air," "syphon," "electric phenomena," and many others, without the least power of connecting them. Her attention was fixed on Martyn. At first he had responded to his father, made every show of listening eagerly, of being powerfully interested; but now a vacant look had fallen on his face, a dim scale seemed to rest on his eyes; his thoughts were lost in themselves, and it looked very much as if those thoughts were troublous ones.

A very desirable situation, as was supposed, had been found for Martyn Ware in the house of Hill & Aukland, West India merchants; and he had now been there four years. The first two years he earned nothing, the third year they had given him thirty pounds; this year he was to have sixty; the next year one hundred. In short, his prospects were sufficiently good, and there seemed no reason why he should not in a few years be gaining his five hundred a-year salary: other clerks were doing it. The firm lived in Mincing Lane—that is, their house of business was there. Mr. Hill was the partner in England; Mr Aukland resided in Jamaica, where they had a corresponding house. A great portion of Martyn's particular duties lay at the custom-house, passing entries for goods, and such like—but this won't interest the reader.

After breakfast on the following morning, Martyn and his father went to town together, as was their general custom: they had to be at business at the same hour, ten o'clock. It was striking as Martyn entered the house in Mincing Lane; he was always punctual, always attentive to his duties. The head clerk of the room in which Martyn sat was already at his desk, and he looked over his spectacles to see which of the three under him, attached to that room, was coming in.

"I thought it was you, Mr. Ware. Don't take your hat off. This entry must be passed the first thing."

"Very well," replied Martyn. And it may as well be remarked that his civility, gentlemanly manners, and punctuality, had rendered him of good report in the house.

He stood for a moment, looking at the paper the clerk handed him, and some one else came in. Quite a notable person this last, resplendently grand. He stood six feet high, was of very dark complexion, and might have been pronounced remarkably well dressed, but that his ornaments were profuse and shone too much. His clothes were of the best and newest, well made, entirely such as a gentleman might wear. A light kid glove was on one hand, and two rings were on the other; his cable chain crossing his waistcoat was a double one, several trinkets dangled from it, and a great diamond pin glittered in his blue stock.

"Good morning, Mr. Mann," said he, raising his hat in a somewhat affected manner.

"Good morning," replied the clerk. "Be so good as to step round to the post office, Mr. Vavasour, and see if the letters are ready. The mail is in."

Mr. Vavasour looked thunderstruck at the order; a little supercilious.

"*I* step to the post office?" he repeated.

"If you please," said the clerk, with quiet authority. "Young Jones is not here yet this morning; he is ill: and Mr. Ware must go at once to the custom-house."

Mr. Vavasour put on his hat and went out. Martyn, who had preceded him, was waiting at the entrance-door, looking round with an eager, questioning glance.

"The West India Mail's in, Vavasour," he whispered.

"So Mann says," was the reply; and the careless, drawling, indifferent tone with which Vavasour spoke bore a marked contrast to the anxiety of Martyn's—an anxiety that amounted to pain.

"You have not your letters yet?"

"Is it likely? I shall get them, I suppose, in the course of the day."

"Vavasour, I am quite sick with the suspense," was the impassioned rejoinder of Martyn Ware. "I am not fit to go about my business."

Mr. Vavasour laughed heartily.

"I can't help it, Ware," he said, in a tone of half apology. "You are such a fidget! Never was your equal, I should think, under the sun."

"Think of the stake," said Martyn.

"Stake be ignored!" cried Mr. Vavasour, pleasantly. "My good fellow, it will be all right. Such 'stakes' are risked and got over every day."

[illegible] Martyn [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

passed it aside to the reader, to almost greater than that he found. With parched lips and fevered hands, Martyn Ware proceeded to the examination; scarcely capable, as he had confessed to Vavasour, of transacting his work. Vavasour, who was good-natured in the main, had promised to help him out of his difficulties. He wrote home to his father to advance him money in excess of his allowance, and for the last three mails had been expecting the order for it. Some of it was for his own debts, but he intended honorably to keep his promise and help Martyn. Another mail was now in, and Martyn, with a sick longing, anticipated the nerve it had brought.

When he returned to the office, which was not until past mid-day, for he had to go to the docks, he threw his fevered eyes around the room, but Vavasour was not in it. Mr. Mann had gone to his dinner, and the junior clerk, Jones, who had now come, but looked pale and ill, was alone.

"Is Vavasour out?" asked Martyn.

"He is gone," replied Jones.

"Gone!" repeated Martyn, not understanding. "Gone already?"

"Gone for good, I mean," said the junior clerk. "He has left: but I suppose he'll come to see us again before sailing. A letter came in for him by the mail, and another to the governor. I don't quite know about it, but Preston thinks Vavasour has been dipping in deep, and his father has stopped the supplies. The upshot is, that Vavasour has peremptory orders to go home by the first packet, and the governor had him up in his room, and gave him a precious good talking to, and then told him he might be off and see to his preparations."

Martyn wondered whether he was in a dream. The words "his father has stopped the supplies," fell upon him with a cruel shock, causing his brain to reel. His heart pulses stopped, only to bound on with a rush; his sight partially left him. Young Jones held out a paper.

"Mr. Mann told me to give you this if you came in before he did. You'll see what it is. He said you had better go at once to your dinner, and then come back and go over the accounts it refers to. They must be sent off by the evening's post."

What Martyn answered he never knew; something to the effect that he did not want dinner. He took the paper, and sat down in his place and put it before him on the desk, and cast his eyes upon it. All mechanically; mechanically as a machine works; utterly incapable was he just then of seeing or hearing anything. Young Jones was scratching away busily with a pen and did not observe him.

"When does Vavasour sail?" asked Martyn, when the silence had lasted some five minutes.

"Well, the mail's in before its time, and the other does not go out for three days. The governor told him if he chose he might get away by that one. Oh, Ware—I forgot to tell you! Mr. Aukland's come."

"Ah," said Martyn, with indifference.

"He was expected last time, somebody said."

"He is up-stairs now with the governor. I have not seen him. Preston says he—"

The clerk dropped his words. Coming down the stairs then, say at the very door of their room through which they must pass for egress, were Mr. Aukland and Mr. Hill, who in the house was irreverently styled "the governor." The junior partner had arrived in town that morning from Southampton, having travelled from Jamaica by the packet which had brought the mails. It was the first visit he had made to it since his connection with the house: a report was afloat in it that he would remain for good, partially superseding Mr. Hill, who was growing old and rich, and that another partner would be taken in to reside in Jamaica.

Young Jones lifted his eyes with some curiosity. Martyn would have done the same but for the awful news just told to him, touching Vavasour. Mr. Hill came in first, a bald-headed man, very fat. Mr. Aukland next; a tall, thin, gentlemanly man of seven or eight and thirty, with dark eyes and a pleasant look. Mr. Hill halted when he reached the room, and began explaining to his partner the peculiar duties connected with it.

"Where's Mr. Mann?" he asked.

"Gone to dinner, sir," said young Jones.

"Oh—ay. What accounts are those, Mr. Ware?"

As Mr. Hill put the question he approached Martyn. The stranger followed him, and they stood close to the desk. "They are Manresby's, sir," was Martyn's answer—and he thought himself lucky to be collected enough to answer it.

"Manresby's! They ought to have been sent off yesterday. How was it they were not?"

Had it been to save Martyn's life, he could not have told why. A dim recollection arose to him that some particular cause hindered it, but memory seemed to fail him. The swinging open of the door saved him an answer. It was the postman who entered. He walked straight up to Martyn's desk and laid down a letter. Mr. Hill had stretched out his hand for it, but the man spoke out its address aloud:

"Mr. Martyn Ware."

Mere reeling of the brain for Martyn; more heart-sickness. He thrust it into his pocket, trying to conceal his whitened countenance from the notice of his master. Too well he guessed what were the contents of the pecuniary demand for money, which he had sent to give.

Mr. Hill suspected nothing—saw nothing: he went out with his partner, and Martyn continued to drag through the day and its duties. The moment he was released he tore up to Westminster in a hansom cab to Vavasour's lodgings.

It was all too true. Vavasour, in his good-nature, had waited in for Martyn, who he knew would be sure to come. But he could not disguise the facts, however he might wish to soften them. No money had come for him. Mr. Aukland, a friend of his father's, had arrived armed with credentials to see Vavasour off without delay, to see his debts paid: but not a penny-piece, save for unavoidable personal expenses, was he to give Vavasour. Old Mr. Vavasour had grown frightened and cautious.

"If some one has not been writing a confounded long yarn to him about me, I'm not here!" exclaimed young Vavasour. "My asking him for a paltry three hundred extra, never could have brought forth this row. Besides, I put it upon back German expenses."

"What am I to do?" gasped Martyn, sinking in a chair.

"Do? Well, the first thing is to come along with me and have a rattling good dinner. I have had nothing all day. I shan't dislike the change for home, Ware. I have been getting tired lately of this fast London."

How sick, how tired of it Martyn had long been, he alone could tell.

"Oh, if I were but clear of it—if I were but emancipated from this horror!" had been his inward cry, day and night. Once released, not even Vavasour could have dragged him into the vortex again. But release, it seemed, was not to come, and Vavasour's light tone drove him nearly mad.

"Don't, Vavasour, for Heaven's sake! Have you no pity for me? The ruin is at hand, and I can't escape. I'd rather throw myself into the nearest pond than live to face it."

"Ware, look here!" answered Vavasour, with more impulsive feeling than he had been ever known to speak. "We are both in the same hole, and perhaps you'd never have got into it but for me. I am being helped out of it, and I swear that you shall be. The return mail that goes out of Jamaica first, after my landing in it, shall bring you the money. You may trust me, old fellow, for I swear it."

And Martyn, believing in the good faith of Vavasour, did trust him.

CHAPTER II.

THE FALL.

It was a fiery temptation. It was a temptation that I trust you, my readers, will never be exposed to, in conjunction with its exciting cause, the grievous *need* of yielding; and Martyn Ware, honorable though he was by nature, honestly as he had been reared, succumbed to it.

The fraud seemed so easy, and the difficulty he was in so great! Nearly a month after Vavasour sailed, that difficulty reached its climax, and the unhappy young man knew that, ere the morrow's sun should have run its course, all would be known. To be arrested for the debt was inevitable; he could not *hide* himself as some can; he must be at his post whether or no, and the sheriff's officer could choose his own hour for taking him, all leisurely and comfortably. To fall into this disgrace; to forfeit his place in the house of Hill & Aukland—for that would be the inevitable result; to prove to his good and dearly-loved mother what a worthless, deceitful scoundrel he had been—the thought of all this nearly turned the brain of Martyn Ware.

Oh, if the good ship, then bearing the help to him which Vavasour had promised, could but skim, swift as a bird, over the waters! He reposed the blindest trust in the promised help of Vavasour; he never for a moment would allow himself to think that it could fail him; or, if the thought did dart across him, he sprang up from it and plunged into some vortex of daily business, escaping as it were from himself, for it was a contingency too frightful to think of.

Oh, if the fair ship could but make an impossible voyage and come in before her time! A week yet; two weeks yet—how did he know?—ere she could be in and bring to him salvation. In vain he tossed on his uneasy bed at night; in vain he flung himself from it, praying that some miracle might save him. The ship *could not* come in before she was due, and those relentless creditors were merciless. Only a week—two weeks it might be—to wait, and all would be smooth, and he not sacrificed! If he could but run away and hide himself in some cavern for the intervening time; if he could but drop into a prolonged sleep, as the people do in the magic tales, and wake up at the moment that the sure ship was touching land, he need not be sacrificed! But he could not; he could not! He had to deal with the hard realities of every-day life, not with imaginative fiction.

Let us give Martyn Ware his due! He dreaded the shock to his mother far more than the consequences to himself. He loved and reverenced his mother as I believe only those children *can* love and reverence her who have been brought up arightly. From his earliest years she had striven to lead him to his duty; earnestly, gently, untiringly, and she had shown how God loved him, and how he might live so as to deserve his love; she had made the good path to be the pleasant path. My friends, only upon it. It is only such mothers as these, who are loved by their children with a fond love, who are reverenced by them more than anything else on earth ever can be reverenced.

Yes, it was the thought of his mother that made the worst trouble to Martyn Ware. If he could but keep the knowledge from her! if he could but starve over this short week or two, and get the money, and relieve himself from his embarrassments, she would never know what a vile, ungrateful cast-away he had been. From henceforth he should return to good ways, to sober evenings, to rational pleasures; and it was no shallow or transient resolve, this, but the firm, fixed purpose of Martyn's mind. He had had enough of folly and sin; he had had enough of deceit; but to leap over the intervening weeks, or to soften the hearts of those who had his fate in their hands, was alike impossible.

It was at this critical juncture that the temptation came. Its precise details I would rather not relate, and you will probably deem the reserve an expedient one; it is sufficient to say that a large sum of money, £93, belonging to the firm, fell into Martyn Ware's hands. It was accompanied about with all the apparent humanity from danger that these temptations often are encompassed with. The circumstances under which it was paid in were peculiar; the circumstances altogether attending it were unusual; and it seemed all but an impossibility that discovery could supervene before Martyn had the opportunity of replacing it by the arrival of the mail. For one thing, Mr. Hill was absent. He was taking a holiday; and until his return, which would not be until after the coming in of the mail—unless the mail foundered at sea,—there would be really little chance of discovery. Any one else would have said so as well as Martyn.

And so—and so—Martyn Ware yielded to the temptation.

But do you think it brought him the relief he sought? Do you think such yielded-to temptations *ever* bring relief? Ah, no. From the very hour of his taking the money, a horrible fear, like unto nothing he had in his life experienced, seized hold of him. By night and by day a yawning gulf seemed before him, on its very brink; ready to fall into it; to be annihilated for ever. He almost wished he *could* be annihilated for ever, as a less terrible fate than this living agony.

What had been the pains and perils he had escaped from, compared to those that he had invoked now? The very worst position that *debt* could have placed him in, was as nothing, as *nothing*, by the side of the consequences that might be drawn on his head by *crime*. With the proceeds of the order (for in point of fact it was not actual money he took, but an order for it; the same thing when cashed) he set himself free from debt; at least, from pressing debt; but he had increased his peril, his perplexity, his remorse, a thousand-fold. Martyn Ware had not been constituted by nature for the commission of crime; he was endowed with a strict love of justice, with lively conscientiousness; and such, should they unhappily succumb, cannot *live* under the burden it entails upon them. How willingly, oh how willingly would he have undone his work, and gone back to the lighter embarrassment from which he had been so eager to escape! To be taken by a sheriff's officer, and civilly marshalled to one of the debtors' houses, would have been enough for his mother to bear; but to be taken by a different sort of official and confined without hope or sympathy within the strong walls of a criminal prison ——!

A groan escaped him as the vision rose before his mind; rose, as it seemed, with the prevision of fatality. He could not undo his work; the money was spent, and there were no possible means of recalling it. The wonder to him now was, *how* he ever could have been so mad and wicked as to have used it. Wicked he knew he had been, but he did believe that he must have been mad, or he never would have done it. Worse than all, with the taking of the money his confident hope changed, and he began to doubt the faith of Vavasour as surely as he had believed in it. He tried to hope still; he tried to do battle with his poor sinking heart; and thus he lived on as he best could until the West India mail came in.

It came in, that packet; and you scarcely need to be told, I should think, that it did *not* bring the relief expected; for this kind of dependence, of expectation, proves so almost invariably a failure, that it seems superfluous to record it in this additional instance. The mail brought a letter from Vavasour, but it brought no money. He had found it difficult to appease his father, he wrote, who accused him of having been doing what he could to "go to the bad," and he found it impossible to draw money from him yet. He would try hard to get it by the departure of the next packet, and he hoped Ware would continue to "rub on" until then. Of one thing he might rest assured: that the money *should* come to him earlier or later, for he would be faithful to his promise.

Martyn Ware sat at his desk, staring at the letter. He tried to read it again deliberately, after his first rapid glance at it, but he could not: the characters were dancing before his eyes, sparkling and gleaming as if they were living fire. Discovery was inevitable; long before the next mail was in (but he had no hope now in that,) Mr. Hill would be home, and he would find it out the first day. As he sat then, his brain throbbing, his pulse beating, his spirit ebbing with a sick faintness, Mr. Aukland passed through the room on his way up-stairs, and turned his head to Martyn.

"I want you, Mr. Ware."

He crushed the letter in his hand, and followed that gentleman to his room. Mr. Aukland, his hat off, was already seated at his desk. The clerks scarcely knew whether they liked Mr. Aukland or not. He was kindly and genial in his manner to them, but so imperative in matters of business, so entirely a man of business himself, and so uncompromising in exacting that their duties should be performed to the letter, that quite a revolution had taken place in the house. Mr. Hill, easy and lenient, rather addicted to dropping asleep at his desk after his early city dinner, had allowed things to go very much as they pleased, and the clerks to have an easy life of it; but all that was changed, now that Mr. Aukland reigned.

Mr. Aukland bent his dark eyes on Martyn.

"I hear that Lovibond's account has been received and cashed, Mr. Ware. It was paid, I find, to you, but I don't see it entered."

Every drop of blood forsook Martyn's face. His heart stopped still, and then leaped onwards with a bound of agony. This was the money he had received and kept. He strove to answer, say excuse that came uppermost, something to the effect that he "would look," "would see about it;" but the words came forth in gasps from his trembling and ashy lips. It was utterly impossible but that Mr. Aukland should detect that something was wrong.

What questions he would have asked, it was impossible to say, but Martyn was spared for the moment. One of the clerks came up showing in a stranger, and Mr. Aukland nodded to Martyn to go down.

He did not know how to get down. He did not know whether his head was on his shoulders or whether it was off; it seemed not to its himself but somebody else—as we may have experienced ourselves in illness, in the attack of a fever-dream. He heard Mr. Mann address him as he was about to sit down to his desk, telling him there were those samples of sugar to be got from the docks, and just time enough left to do it before the gates closed, if he made haste. And Martyn put on his hat and went out.

As he walked along amidst London's bustle, steering his course mechanically, he put his hand into his pocket for the letter: he had but superficially read it before; had mastered only its broad facts, not its details. But the letter was not there.

He wondered where he had dropped it. He looked back along the narrow and crowded pavement, but could see no sign of it, and a dread came over him that he had dropped it in the office. Dread? Why, if he had; if the letter had been read by Mr. Aukland and every clerk in the place, it could not tell them half as much as must be known in a few hours' time from one end of it to the other.

He got home from the docks just before the office closed. The resident porter stood at the door, and Martyn asked him if he had seen or picked up a West India letter; he had lost one; but the man said he had not seen any.

"Is Mr. Aukland gone yet?" asked Martyn, as he walked in, putting the question as indifferently as he could.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mann was yet at his desk, and he spoke for some little time with Martyn about business matters, quite in his usual tone. It was evident that he had not seen the letter. Martyn looked about for it, but could find no trace of it, and he came to the conclusion that it had been lost in the street. What mattered it where? Ere the setting of to-morrow's sun, the whole world would know the guilty fool he had been.

He went home, and that night all was told to Helen. Believing himself alone, heavy groans had burst from him, which his mother happened to overhear. She stole to him; she sat down by him; she confessed what grievous fear had long been upon her; she prayed him to have love and confidence in her, his mother; and with her arms entwined about his neck, and his cheek drawn against hers, Martyn told her all.

What a night it was for her! She retired to rest as usual, not to excite observation; but how she lay through it, how she *bore* to lie through it, her unconscious husband sleeping by her side, none can tell. Her son, whom she had been striving to train for Heaven; her darling son, of fair repute in the sight of the world, to have ended thus! How fully she trusted him, how truly she knew that she might trust him, when he said that, could this pitfall have been escaped from, he would, with God's help, never fall into another!

There appeared to be one little loophole of a chance—that Mr. Aukland would listen to her prayer for mercy, and forgive him. *Her* prayer; Helen's: who else was there to offer one up? Much as she should dislike the office, sensitively as she should shrink from it, she must, nevertheless, go through it. She must present herself before that great and dreaded man, (great as her son's mastery dreaded as his injured accuser,) and beseech him to spare that erring one—to conceal his offence in consideration of his strong temptation, his bitter repentance, his inexperienced youth—not to blight his prospects at the very threshold of life. She would beseech it in mercy to herself: she would pray to be allowed to repay the money; and though she had it not, she would find it, even if she had to sell her clothes.

With this fixed resolution in her mind, Helen rose. She went to Martyn's room and told him. It would be productive of no good, he despairingly said; but she persisted in trying. It was necessary that she should be at the office in time to catch Mr. Aukland on his arrival, and she had to invent some plausible excuse of shopping, of wishing to get the shopping over before the heat of the day came on, for going up to town in the omnibus at the same time as her husband. Mr. Ware talked half the way up to town about Martyn's unusual dilatoriness that morning in not being ready for the omnibus. If he had but known that the dilatoriness was but assumed; that he dared not go!

Mr. Aukland was already there. With the West India mail in the previous day, and its load of business for them, he was not a man to be tardy at his post. A whole heap of papers, of letters, were before him on his desk, when a card and a message—that the lady asked to see him upon urgent business—were carried to him. He glanced at the former: "Mrs. Edward Ware."

"Desire the lady to walk up," he said in answer.

She came up the stairs. She closed the door, and threw back her veil, and disclosed a face white with an agitation it was utterly beyond her to suppress. Mr. Aukland had risen to receive her, and he courteously, with every manifestation of respect, handed her a chair.

But she was too agitated to avail herself of it. In fact it may be questioned if she so much as saw the movement in her agony of emotion, in the sick feeling of suspense that threatened to overwhelm her. She stood up and grasped the railings of the desk with one hand, and entered upon her prayer.

With a rapidity of emotion that gave him no chance of interrupting, with a wailing tone that betrayed too well the pent-up anguish, she told her tale. She told what she had come for—to beseech pardon for one who was a guilty sinner, but dear to her.

"It is the turning point in his life, sir; the crisis of the years that have passed, of those that are to come," she breathed, hardly conscious in her trembling vehemence what she did say. "Upon your mercy depends his well-being here; perhaps that hereafter. I *know* that he will never transgress again, and if you will but allow me to refund the money privately to you, it—it—"

She could not go on; she broke down with a sound between a sob and a shriek. Mr. Aukland, still with every token of respect, took her hands in his; he smiled at her with his pleasant lips, with his friendly eyes.

"Do let me speak, Mrs. Ware. Can you suppose that *I* should betray *your* son! Don't you know me?"

Know him? She looked up at him in surprise. She knew him by hearsay; she had never seen him. What did he mean? Her silence spoke her bewilderment, and Mr. Aukland smiled.

"Have you forgotten Bob Rutt? I am he. Look at me, and see if you do not trace my old features. *Yours* have not altered."

Bob Rutt! Robert Aukland, that influential West India merchant, the poor Bob Rutt of the days gone by? It was even so; and she knew, she felt that Martyn's peril was over. In her revulsion of feeling she sank down on the chair and burst into loud sobbing tears.

At that moment there came a knock at the room door. Mr. Aukland drew it open about an inch. Some one wanted him on business, and young Jones had come up to say so.

"I am engaged," was Mr. Aukland's short answer, delivered in so sharp, so imperative a tone, that Mr. Jones shot down the stairs again in consternation. But the interruption did more towards recalling Mrs. Ware to herself than anything else could have done.

"I did not even know that your name was Aukland," she said, wiping her pale face. "Or—yes, I suppose I did know it in the old days, but I had completely forgotten it: you were so universally called Rutt. Certainly I never once thought to connect you with Mr. Aukland of this house. I can hardly believe it now. I see the likeness, I recognize your face, and yet—it appears incredible."

"I did not stay long in Washington," he observed. "About a year and a half, I think; and then an opening was found for me in Jamaica, in this firm, which at that time—as perhaps you may know—was Sewell & Hill. I had been in it fifteen years, when Mr. Sewell died, and I then succeeded to a share in it. On the whole I have been very prosperous, Mrs. Ware."

"Oh, yes," sobbed Helen. "And Mrs. Rutt? Is she alive?"

"She died six months ago," he answered, glancing involuntarily at the crape on his hat. "I was able to make her a good home in Jamaica: happier, I believe, than she had ever enjoyed before. I wrote once to Wales for news of you; but did not receive it. The answer received was, that Mr. Martyn was dead, and his family had dispersed. The very first day of my arrival here I recognized your son; the name 'Martyn Ware' attracted my attention to him, and I traced in his features the strongest possible resemblance to yours. Yours," he significantly added, "had not faded from my recollection."

"And—you—will not refuse to save him?" she said, in a timid whisper.

"Refuse to save him! Him! Mrs. Ware, do you forget all I owe to you?" he rejoined, his own tones trembling with the earnestness of their emotion. "But for the confidence you made for me, I might be a poor working man now instead of what I am: and my dear mother, wanting a home, might have sunk into the grave before her time. Were the whole of my savings—and I have saved something—necessary to extricate Martyn Ware, he should have them."

He spoke with quiet deliberation. Helen, wondering whether mercy so great had ever been shown to anybody before, asked a few questions.

"I can understand how it was," he said, "that he was seduced into the trouble and extravagance by young Vavasour. It came to my knowledge yesterday that Martyn had received this order for money, and obtained the cash upon it—not obtained the cash in the regular dealings of the house, but in an irregular way. It awoke my suspicion instantly. I called him into this room, intending to get the truth from him; but before I had barely put a question we were interrupted, and he went down. In going out of the room he dropped a crumpled piece of paper, which I found to be a letter just received from Vavasour. It told me all. That with the remittances this letter was to have brought—and did not—he meant to replace the ninety-two pounds taken. "Mrs. Ware," he continued, smiling at her, "I made it all right myself yesterday afternoon—at the bankers' and in the books here. It would not have been expedient for Mr. Hill to come home and find it out—and he is coming back to-day."

"How shall I ever thank you?" she murmured. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Nay—I have been saying that to myself this many a year—' How can I ever repay Miss Helen Martyn?' My mother has echoed it in my hearing many a time."

"You will—do you intend to allow him to come back here?" she questioned with great hesitation through her tears.

"Indeed yes. Send him up as soon as you get back. I have no fear of such a thing as this being repeated: it will serve as a lesson to him for life. And I will try and push Martyn on in the world, as your benevolence, my dear lady, was the means of pushing me. I should have come down to your house to see you ere this, but since my landing I have had so much to do, Mr. Hill being away. You will allow me to do so?"

Allow him to come to see her! Helen's tears fell faster, and she held his hands in her grateful clasp. The great Robert Aukland, poor Bob Rutt of the former days, who had only presumed to address her as "Miss" Helen.

"I shall tell my husband now, and he will welcome and thank you, Mr. Aukland. I had not dared to tell him before; he would have been so implacable with Martyn. He has a perfect abhorrence of anything that savours of dishonesty; and if he had known—that Martyn—— May Heaven bless you, Mr. Aukland, always and always!"

Mrs. Ware returned home. It happened that she took the same omnibus which had brought her. The same conductor stood on the foot-board; the self-same advertisements pasted up inside, stared her in the face. With what a sick sensation of despair had her eyes rested on those advertisements in going! But now, in her changed feeling, it almost seemed as though she had been suddenly lifted into Paradise.

Martyn was not to be found when she got home. Nobody knew where he was. Amy had a faint recollection of having heard the front door slam about an hour before, and she supposed he must have gone out. Helen waited; waited with restless, joyous impatience for his return.

But he did not come in. Hour after hour passed away, afternoon after morning. Helen grew sick and uneasy with an undefined dread. Still he did not come in, and the day drew to its close. She stood at the window, stealthily watching, and could have counted the beating of her own heart. Suppose—in his despair—he—

A wild rush of terror overpowered her, and drove away all consecutive thought. The inert suspense grew unbearable, and she threw on a bonnet and shawl, and went out in the dusky night, some faint idea upon her of looking for Martyn, however hopeless the search appeared to be.

But it did not prove hopeless. She had bent her steps instinctively to the most lonely walk near their residence, one running alongside the canal; and there as she came in sight of it, she saw Martyn looking down at the water. His shoes were dusty, as if he had spent the day in walking.

Was he about to do an ill deed?—one that could never be redeemed? Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. Did his mother fear it? Who can say? She gave a great cry as she sprang to him, and clasping her arms about his neck, sobbed aloud.

"Don't, mother; don't! Your trouble is the worst of all. I can bear anything better than that."

"Martyn! Martyn! They are tears of joy, not of grief. I—I—was fearing I should never find you," she sobbed. "Martyn, I have seen Mr. Ankland. He is the Bob Rutt of my girlhood's days, a dear friend from henceforth. He will be your friend through life, and will push you on. He paid the money into the bank yesterday, and made it all right in the office. He knew you, and never meant to let it fall upon you. Oh, Martyn, my darling, it is true! it is true!"

Martyn grasped hold of a post near him, as if for support; he felt sick with suspense lest it should *not* be true. But not long could he doubt the joy that shone in the wet eyes of his mother; and a yearning cry went up to heaven; to that heaven which had surely intervened to save him. "Lord, be with me from henceforth! keep me, keep me from temptation!"

And Helen knew that her boy was her own once more. She linked her arm within his, and they walked on in silence towards home, the home that would be again a happy one, as it had been before the ill-omened shadow of Vavasour fell on Martyn's path. Not a word was spoken. Helen's thoughts were buried in the past, and her face was turned upwards to the faint crimson light which yet lingered in the western sky. Very, very present to her in that moment were the ways of God, and His wonderful dealings. That little sacrifice which she had made so many, many years ago; the poor ten-pound note she had given away from her necessities, her superfluities if you will, had brought forth *this*. Long, and long had the recompense been smouldering—a recompense for which she had never looked or thought of looking—and now it had come, and come a thousand-fold.

Never had that beautiful promise, which you have all read as often perhaps as Helen Ware, been more directly exemplified; never had it come home with such force to her heart; "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE END.

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

Black eyes most dazzle in a hall;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain;
The blue a conquest most retain;
The black bespeak a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day;
The black may features best disclose;
The blue may feelings all repose;
Then let each reign without control,
The black all mind—the blue all soul!

☞ Professor Bache, connected with the U. S. Coast Survey, in a recent article on the physiology of sea-sickness, advances the idea that this torment of ocean travellers is a disease of the brain, and not of the stomach. His view is, that it is owing to the fact that the mind is unable to understand the varying motion of the vessel as rapidly as the senses feel them, thus causing a conflict of impressions, and a consequent affection of the brain.

☞ Two splendid private carriages have just been made in London for the King of Dahomey, one for himself and the other for his queen. They are constructed to be drawn by twenty and ten slaves respectively.

☞ Ha! is the interjection of laughter, ah! of sorrow. The difference between them is only the transposition of an aspiration; in the turning of a breath our mirth is changed into mourning.

☞ THE WEDDING RING.—A late philosopher says:—"Before people take the leap through the wedding ring, they should be quite certain that the blanket of connubial contentment is held tight on the other side."

☞ 1st—What is a slur? Almost any remark one singer makes about another. 2d—What is beating time? Singing so fast that time cannot keep up with you. 3d—What is a rest? Going out of the choir to get some refreshment. 4th—What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff, because dissatisfied with the leader's requirements. 5th—What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, whilst he cannot conceal his own ignorance.

☞ Paris letters say that it has been discovered that the silver keys of the City of Mexico, which were received some time ago by the Emperor Napoleon, were manufactured some eighteen months ago, in Paris, after a pattern submitted to the Emperor and Empress for their approval, and that they were sent to General Forey, who received them from the Mexican, to whom they were lent, and then duly returned them to the Emperor at Vichy. They are now in a military museum, with the Mexican guns presented to the Prince Imperial, and are said to bear no marks of antiquity. It is hinted that the guns also were manufactured in Paris after patterns approved by the Emperor.

☞ The Parisian ladies, who don't like the Emperor, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera, they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses, making him appear "Napoleon the Little," and thus insinuating agreement with Victor Hugo, without opening their mouths.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOB 10, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Briefs of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

ENGLISH FEELING.

It is of the greatest importance that the people of the United States should constantly keep in mind that the cause of the Union really possesses the deep sympathy of a large majority of the English people. We should keep this in remembrance continually, lest we allow ourselves to denounce the nation as a whole, for what is really the action of but a favored class. What could be nobler than the conduct of the Lancashire workmen, refusing to take sides against the Federal cause, even while suffering almost to the point of famine from the indirect consequences of the present war. The feeling of the English working-classes is probably only fairly expressed in an article written by a workingman, which recently appeared in the *London News*, and which remonstrates against the fitting out of war vessels against a nation with which England is at peace. The writer in question says very sensibly of those vessels:—"They can only be for war purposes; and as only a foreign government can require such, why can we not demand to see the order from that Power? They could only show two agents as ordering such. If for a foreign government, then they must answer for the result; if for private parties, then they ought to be prevented leaving this country."

The same writer alludes to the strong ties that the masses of the English people have formed with America, ties both political and social—and asks what would be the feelings of the four out of every six who have relatives over the water, in case of war. He concludes as follows:

If we are not allowed to vote and make the government here, we will not quietly allow the people's government to be destroyed there. Workingmen are seldom heard in print upon this question, but let not our gentry suppose there is no sympathy for the north here. They will make an awful mistake if they go to war with America. Let them remember the Lancashire men starving first sooner than lift up a finger against true liberty. Allow me to thank you for your noble support of the good cause.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES A Poem of the Days of Seventy-Six. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Published by J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Philadelphia. This is the poem from which extracts have been frequently read of late, with great approval, by Mr. Murdoch, the tragedian. It is a story of the days of the revolution, and the scenes are laid on the banks of the Schuylkill, between Philadelphia and Valley Forge. We are pleased to hear that the poem has been received with such favor by the public that it is already in its fourth thousand. The following song we take almost at random:

MY NATIVE LAND.

I.

What though my feet have wandered far
Through groves and lawns of antique shores,
Where ever to the morning star
The enamored lark her love-song pours,
And through enchanted woods and vales
Romance still walks, a spirit free,
Thrilled by the poet-nightingales:
I turn, dear native land, to thee.

II.

It is not that thy giant floods
Sweep seaward with unrivalled flow;
It is not that thy pathless woods
Have majesty no others show;
Not for thy matchless inland seas,
Wider than eagle's eye discerns,
Nor mountains vast;—'tis not for these
My heart, dear land, to thee returns:—

III.

Not for thy seasons, though they sweep
From unknown continents of ice,
Or, waked in tropic forests deep,
Bring summer from the land of spice;
Not that thy fiery forest-trees,
At harvest close, with splendors burn
In hues triumphant;—not for these
To thee, dear land, my steps return.—

IV.

Not only that my native hearth
Is shrined among thy greenest hills,
Or that my earliest infant mirth
Was learned among thy flowers and rills,
But, chiefly, that before thee opes
A glorious future, grand and free,
And thou hast all my brightest hopes,—
For this, dear land, I turn to thee.

☞ If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

(Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.)

MRS. M. B. GRIMS,
Chairman Executive Committee.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE,
Corresponding Secretary.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

Extract from a Letter from Rev. Dr. Winslow, Agent U. S. San. Com. at Gettysburg, Pa.

CAMP LETTERMAN, Sept. 26, 1863.

Doctor Steiner—Dear Sir—We are still in the midst of the debris of a very extensive festival given by the Surgeons and other generous bodies to the wounded soldiers of our hospital. It went off to the satisfaction of all, and was participated in by some two thousand persons. Money for the occasion was raised in profusion in Philadelphia. The ladies of Gettysburg and vicinity were very active, generous, and efficient. And musicians and dramatists not only crowded around the several festive grounds during the day, but also to the theatricals of the evening. A brass band from York Hospital volunteered their services. The camp was beautifully decorated with green and flowers in the variety of forms. And the evening was lighted by a glorious moon, and many hundred lamps of red, white and blue. Two of the largest tents of the Sanitary Commission were cleared, arranged and ornamented for the reception of lady guests. Our tan avenue was arched, and hung around with evergreens and flowers, and gayly attired throughout with parti-colored lamps. Flags were raised on almost every tent in the camp. Tables loaded with good things were spread in the avenues, from which the wounded and healthy were supplied in their tents. Barrels of ale, porter, and tubs of ice-cream were freely used, and I have not heard of any evil results. The theatricals closed the amusements at about ten o'clock P. M., and the camp was once more quiet.

And now for our work. You will have learned ere this that our *work* here as well as the *camp* itself is in many respects unique. There never was and probably never again will be the like. Not because it is the nearest and best appointed camp that could be gotten up, but because it contains the very dregs of battle from two armies. The most desperately wounded of the three days' fight are here the objects of our care. This renders the camp decidedly uncommon, and in a professional view, the most fastidious surgeon could not mangle or penetrate flesh or bones more splendidly for scientific purposes than this continuous battle has done. Every class and character of contusion and fracture and penetrating wounds from shot and shell of the worst description are to be found under the three hundred tents which constitute Camp Letterman Hospital. During the battle all the wounded were gathered together into field hospitals as most convenient. Soon they were divided into corps hospitals in the field—from whence those who were able to be removed to a distance were brought to the railroad depot where the Sanitary Commission had large tents erected for their reception and entertainment during the intervals of the departure of trains morning and evening. Large store tents of the Commission were at hand filled to repletion with all manner of supplies. A cook-house was put up, with caulrons, and stoves, and a steam apparatus, which were in full blast day and night. Ten cooks and some thirty attendants were occupied in preparing and dealing out to each one such nourishment as the case allowed. Clothes, shoes, crutches, canes, pads, pillows, splints, lint, bandages, and every kind of stimulant and anodyne, and every appliance which long experience and thoughtful care could anticipate for so extreme a necessity, were dealt out with unsparing diligence and attention day and night. Not the least important part of the work which the Commission performed at the depot lodge, was the dressing of wounds preparatory to a removal on the cars. In this department a surgeon and a corps of dressers were employed, who devoted their entire attention to an examination of each case, applying fresh dressings, and preparing the wounded to sustain the journey to the best advantage. With each train went a surgeon and attendants in charge of the wounded. Large cans of ice water, bags of crackers, stimulants, &c., were placed on board to supply every necessity. Generally, before leaving, each canteen was filled with water, and each man furnished with an extra cup of coffee or soup, or with both as they desired. This system was continued from the 9th of July till the Corps Hospital were relieved of all who were able to be removed to a distance. Those who remained therefore were, as I have said, only the desperate cases of compound fracture, amputation and penetrating wounds of the chest and pelvis, &c. These were collected with the utmost care, many of them on stretchers, from miles around, and placed under the three hundred tents which constitute the Camp Letterman Hospital. Is the character of wounds thus collected which I have called the dregs of three days' battles from both armies, and which renders this hospital unique, especially in a surgical point of view. Here we are with our large tents spread beneath tall oaks and hickory, on the right of the camp facing the main entrance. The oblong square, or plaza, around which our tents are pitched, is paved with tan bark, and forms a "tout ensemble" decidedly social, economical, and liberal. One large tent is our hotel, with accommodations for about thirty persons. The remainder, large and small, are occupied as store tents and offices. We have a kitchen, from which many of the sick and wounded receive the lighter diet prescribed or allowed. This is under the direction of our lady attendants, only two of whom remain. The issues from the stores continue to range from one to two hundred dollars a day, more or less, and the average supplies furnished to order up to the 15th inst. was $95 36 per day. Hereafter it will not be so much, as the numbers will decrease materially as the men are able to be removed.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Sunbury, Northumberland county Aid Society, E. Donald, 1 box.

Mexico Hill, N. J., Aid Society, L. S. Atkinson, 1 box.

Forest Lake, Susquehanna county, Aid Society, Miss M. J. Wright, 2 bales.

Pittsville, Susquehanna county, Ladies' Aid, Miss M. V. Lott, 1 bale.

Bristol, Pa., Ladies' Aid, effects of J. P. G., 5 packages.

Pottstown, Montgomery county, Ladies' Aid, Mrs. A. J. Chesbrough, 6 boxes.

Mrs. Burt, 7 packages.

Webster's Mills, Asylumtown, Fulton county, Soldiers' Aid, 1 bbl.

Dallas, Luzerne county, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. A. R. Kirkendall, 2 bbls.

Misses R., 3 packages.

Tioga and Mill Creek, Tioga county, S. A. Greenway, 1 bag, 1 bbl.

Pineville, Bucks county, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Trego, 2 boxes.

Christ Church, Phila., Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Godley, 2 packages.

Little Meadows, Susquehanna county, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Beardsley, 1 keg.

Allentown Aid Society, 4 boxes, Miss E. K. Wright.

Mrs. Sill, 5 packages.

Hanson & Peterson, 2 packages.

St. Jude' Church, Phila., Miss Green, 2 pkgs.

Flemington, Clinton county, Soldiers' Aid, Miss McNaughtan, 2 packages.

Mrs. J. Albert, Susquehanna county, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. E. Lacey, 4 boxes.

St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Taylor, 1 box, 2 packages.

Mrs. Cumming Aid, Maytenning, Miss Heven, 4 packages.

Mullica Hill, N. J., Aid Society, Miss Atkinson, 1 boxes.

Sunbury, Northumberland county, Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Donnell, 3 boxes.

Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, Aid Society, 10 boxes.

☞ THE WAR WITH JAPAN.—We have another war to carry on, the Japanese having pelted one of our merchantmen, whereupon one of our cruisers, the Wyoming, pelted them. Can't some other people contrive to pick a quarrel with us? Can't the Patagonians give us a few love pats? Or the Lapplanders help lay us out? Or the Sultan of Muscat send out his ships to cruise against our commerce? A most eligible opportunity is offered for kicking the great American giant, which no high-minded people or potentate ought to allow to pass unimproved.—*Traveller.*

☞ THE RESULT OF A SNEEZE.—A workman on a staging in Paris sneezed. The sneeze made him drop a stone, the stone dashed a man's brains out, and the man's falling body dislodged four other workmen who occupied lower stagings. The damage was considerable.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received the machine will be duly forwarded.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF NEW ORLEANS.—The military government of New Orleans is so much under control and concentrated that any private or public grievances that the people may have to deal with it. Gen. Banks, the military governor, recently called together some twenty of the wealthiest and most influential of the loyal citizens, and asked their opinion as to the propriety of ordering an election of a city government by the people. But with one voice they adjured him to do no such thing. "Never before," they said, "have we had so upright, safe, and economical a city government as since you Yankees came here. Our streets have been cleaned; great lakes of stagnant water, which bred pestilence and disease, have been drained; our police force is perfect, and we, who for years have not dared to walk through St. Charles street after nightfall, are now perfectly safe in any part of the city, at any time of the day or night. You have saved from 40 per cent. of the yearly expenses of administering the government; and you have saved the credit of the city by paying $600,000 of overdue or repudiated debts. For heaven's sake, put off an election as long as you can!"

☞ My advice to any American coming to England is, that on arriving at Liverpool he should purchase—1, a stove-pipe hat; 2, a dress-coat; 3, a pair of white gloves. Then, though his size be carried, his dress will be an equal. It matters not whether his head have brains, if only it has a stove-pipe outside. It matters not whether his throat deserves a halter if it only has a white tie. His hand may be dyed in blood, but a white glove will make it snow-pure.—*M. D. Conway.*

☞ DIVERSITY OF CLIMATE.—As an illustration of the difference in climate at various localities in California, it is stated that at two o'clock one day, recently, as the boat for San Francisco was leaving Stockton, the thermometer on the deck of the boat, in the shade, stood at 102 degrees. When the boat had traversed about three-fourths of the distance to San Francisco, the mercury in the thermometer had fallen to 52 degrees. Stockton, "as the crow flies," is about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

☞ A PREACHER'S RULES.—It appears from Dr. Leifchild's own account of his labors, in the recently published biography, that he regarded the delivery and the preparation of his discourse as being of almost equal importance. In the following quaint "precept for remembrance," he expresses the manner in which, in his opinion, his sermons should be preached:—

"Begin low,
Proceed slow,
Take fire,
Rise higher;
Be self-possessed
When most impressed."

☞ A patriotic lady of Kentucky, by the name of Adams, has sacrificed to her patriotism the comfort of her infant child, by naming him George D. Prentice James P. Grant Orlando H. Rosecrans Stanley Berryman Burnside Adams. The little fellow is only five weeks old and cannot remonstrate. If he lives to grow up, and be so unfortunate as to learn to write, he will be compelled to sign his name George D. P. J. P. G. O. H. R. S B. B. Adams. Life under such circumstances would be a doubtful blessing.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ The man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the "lady of the house" replying: "Have you any friends in the war, madam?" "No." "Any relations?" "No." "Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?" "No." As he was leaving, a bright thought struck her, and she rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Oh, my husband has gone to the war!"

☞ Irish moss has been found growing abundantly on the rocks along the beach in Scituate, Mass., and about three thousand barrels are gathered annually. It is worth at first hands from three to six dollars per barrel.

☞ "Jennie June" tells the world fat ladies are fashionable, and that superb busts and white plump shoulders are the rage.

☞ Parson Brownlow is again in harness, and threatens death blows to the "hell-born and hell-bound rebellion." The parson is given to explotives.

☞ Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with an H, which is only a breath; Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh, who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than Heaven.

☞ Mr. Graw, a French physician, proposes to destroy the taste of intensely bitter medicines by mixing chloroform with them in certain proportions. He claims that the taste and odor, even of assafœtida can be annihilated.

☞ The Cornhill has an article on Nero, defending him from the charges that have made him infamous for 1800 years. We always thought that fiddling performance when Rome was burning, was the slight exaggeration of some newspaper reporter of the time.

☞ A young lady, when asked to partake of the pudding, replied:—"No, many thanks, my dear madam, by no manner of means; I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until a manifest sense of internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

LATEST NEWS.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial, dated at Chattanooga on the 30th ult., says that a number of newspapers were sent there, under a flag of truce, and were received with 100 of our wounded.

The Confederate loss in the battle of Chickamauga, greatly exceeds that of Gettysburg. Over 20,000 have been buried, and 10,000 is believed to be more.

The Chattanooga Rebel says that the people of Atlanta have a perfect panic on the subject of the approach of the Union army. The Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller General, Treasurer, and Superintendent of Public Works, have removed the archives of their offices to Macon. Many families have also left Atlanta, and the rest are preparing to leave. Provisions are very scarce there, and the people are in a starving condition. Flour is selling at $1 per pound, and other articles in proportion.

☞ A well-known scientific man in New York city, some years since, found himself annoyed by boys who rang his door-bell and ran away. So the doctor ground out a heavy charge of electricity, led a wire to the door-bell knob, and sat down to wait. Shortly there was a horrible howl, a bumping and a falling backward down the front steps. The boy was half murdered by the shock, and the doctor's troubles from that source were definitely ended.

☞ Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father he says, "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I mashes my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

☞ A rich landed proprietor of Ben Veute, Italy, who has been in the custody of certain brigands among the mountains since the middle of July, has just been released on the payment of 20,000 francs. As a receipt for this sum, the rascals cut off his left ear.

☞ TEST FOR GENIUS.—The great and decisive test of genius is, that it calls forth power in the souls of others. It not merely gives knowledge but it breathes energy.

☞ Everybody sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all.

☞ Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

☞ The Wheeling Register mentions one among the Confederate prisoners recently arrived there, one who is but twenty-four years of age, and whose hair is as white as snow. He says before he joined the army his hair was nearly black, but in the first engagement in which he participated he became so frightened that his hair turned gray. He is a fair complexioned man, but appears very delicate.

☞ In a recent breach of promise case at Liverpool, damages to the amount of $15,000 were given the lady. The principal evidence against the inconstant swain was a love-letter.

☞ "ALL IN THE EYE."—The extract of belladonna, as is well known, if applied to the eye, causes the pupil to dilate to a remarkable extent. It has been discovered that a kind of bean from Calabar has exactly the opposite quality. So, as a sort of scientific joke, the professors in England took a poor cat, and put a bean on one eye, and belladonna on the other; which, they learnedly observe, "imparted a strange, wiered expression to the face."

☞ The thread which forms the spider's web, the microscope informs us, is composed of more than four thousand of smaller threads which are spun from the body of the spider.

☞ There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

☞ The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dirt all about the tent, and he's big enough to know better!"

☞ An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fit it."

☞ A person can live comfortably in Japan for two cents a day, or fourteen cents a week. A first class house costs thirty dollars!

HIS FAVORITE.—A gawky, awkward-looking, stage-struck Hoosier went to see one of the New Orleans theatrical managers last week, and solicited an engagement.

"What role would you prefer, my friend?" said the manager.

"Well, squire," said the would-be Western Roscius, "I ain't partial to rolls, no how—corn dodgers is my favorite."

MARY SCUDDER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNIE P. KENT.

She moves to that circle of wealth and grace,
Her brown hair shading her beautiful face.

On her cheek the tintings of health have wrought
A brightness rubbed with the paleness of thought.

And a feeling of joy and sweet surprise,
Looks out from the depths of her lustrous eyes.

The praises that gladden her mother's ear,
Disturb not the calm of her own pure sphere.

Delighted she stands in that circle of pride,
And the young and the talented seek her side.

Her timid nor bold, with a presence rare,
She drinks rich draughts of the perfumed air.

Yet ever her thoughts self-poised and clear,
Turn yearningly back to their native sphere.

They walk—he subtle and quick to trace
The depths of her soul in a woman's face.

They walk—she, gentle and wise and true,
With an eye that has ever one aim in view.

One purpose that challenges pain and strife,
"To glorify God in an earnest life."

They talk—but his arrows seductive and sweet,
Are falling unspent at the maiden's feet.

They talk—and she answers with fitting word,
Till the heart of the world-taught man is stirred.

And over his soul with a thrill of pain,
The voice of his mother is sweeping again.

The waters gush from the fountains dry,
And the mists of feeling dim his eye.

One moment and he of the massive brain,
The man of the world, is the same again—

And he piles his questions with studied art,
But is vanquished for once by that fortified heart.

Oh, Faith, that can guard the narrowest pass,
Oh, Truth, that is stronger than arms of brass,

Ye have stayed in the field till the battle is won—
"Till the revel is over, the feast is done."

[* In Mrs. Stowe's story of "The Minister's Wooing," Mary Scudder, the heroine, meets with the celebrated Aaron Burr at an evening company.]

THE NOTARY'S NOSE.

A Story With a Moral.

BY EDMUND ABOUT.

The Taliacotian Art, so called from its inventor, but now more correctly known as the "Rhino-plastic operation," by which a nose is restored, where that important feature has been destroyed by disease or accident, is founded upon what surgeons call "the doctrine of adhesion," by which they mean the tendency of cut or newly-divided surfaces to unite together.

The methods by which this happy result is brought about, by cutting a piece of flesh from a sleve, as was done by the ancients, or from another person, or from the patient's own arm, or from his cheek, or by a flap from the forehead, or as the English surgeon, Liston, has more recently introduced, from the upper lip, are so singular, and the results obtained are so remarkable, that the process has always been attended with great curiosity, and sometimes by not a little incredulity and ridicule.

Garengeot, a celebrated French surgeon, asserts that he had seen a nose, which had been bitten off in a quarrel, thrown upon the ground, allowed to get cool, taken up, fixed to the face, and adhere again; and he records that M. Galin produced a similar union of a considerable portion of the nose after it had been bitten off and spit out into a dirty gutter. It was well washed, and, upon the return of the soldier, who, having suffered this mutilation, had pursued his adversary, re-applied to his face. Garengeot examined the man on the fourth day, and found the wound completely cicatrised. Blegny records a similar case of a union after a sabre cut; and Mr. Carpue, in his excellent "Account of two successful operations for restoring a lost nose," makes reference to Lombard, Loubet, and others, who have been successful in like cases. Sir Leonard Fioravanti, a Bolognese, states, in his "Rational Secrets and Chirurgery Reviewed," that, when in Africa, he was witness to a dispute between a Spanish gentleman and a military officer, which led to a combat, in which the latter struck off the nose of his adversary, and it fell into the sand. Fioravanti took it up, washed it with warm water, dressed the part with his balsam, bound it up, and left it undisturbed during eight days; at the expiration of which time he examined it, and was surprised to find that the wounded parts had adhered.

Taliacotius, the inventor of one form of operation, relates that, in a fray between some drunken young men, one of the party had his nose cut off by a sword. The assailant fled, and was pursued by his opponent, regardless of his nose, which was left in a gutter. Taliacotius picked it up, cleaned it, and, upon the return of its owner, adjusted the cut surfaces with particular accuracy—a union then complete without difficulty followed.

The Journal Médémoiselle records two cases by Dr. Berthelemy, in which union of the nose had taken place after complete separation. One was that of an officer at Lyons, in 1815, who had the end of his nose cut off in a duel by his adversary's sabre. He put the severed portion in his pocket, kept it warm, returned home, and sent for a surgeon, who replaced it, and adhesion was effected. The other case, which is given on the authority of Dr. Ragnault, was of a man who, in a fight with another, had part of his nose bitten off. He wrapped it up in his handkerchief, put it into his pocket, and for four or five hours only bewailed his loss. He was at length urged to apply to a surgeon, who steeped it in warm alcohol, placed the divided parts in contact, and in ten days they were re-united.

We have not the work at hand to refer to, but we remember that the celebrated German surgeon, Dieffenbach, relates, in a somewhat lengthy treatise on the rhinoplastic operations, that a German student had his nose maltreated in a duel, and subsequently repaired by the surgeon's art; but, it did not make a good nose. The same student, being involved in a second combat, got his nose (always apparently in the way) severed from the face. This gave the operator fairer play than he had previously, and a better nose was in consequence concocted than before.

Novelists have not failed to avail themselves of so curious a circumstance to enliven their pages, and impart a more marked character to certain of their personages. The reader may remember, for example, that Sergeant Scoles, in Mr. Ainsworth's novel of "Saint James," was a nose-restored hero, and the inexhaustible story-teller, M. Edmond About, has just supplied us with a new instance, the authenticity of which we feel in no wise disposed to pledge ourselves to.

Master Alfred L'Ambert, it appears, then, according to M. About, was one of the most opulent, well-to-do, and fashionable notaries of Paris. Thirty-two years of age, he was a well-made man, with a handsome countenance, an aquiline nose, good forehead, and with an hirsute department everything that it ought to be. His only peculiarity was that he wore a white cravat. The habit had been handed down to him with the business of the Rue de Verneuil, together with the most aristocratic clients of the Faubourg St. Germain, and had passed from father to son for several generations. He had also one little weakness; he was rather short-sighted, and although so young, was obliged to wear spectacles when at his desk.

Master L'Ambert's wealth and aristocratic connexions had obtained for him admission into the green-room of the opera, a favor which is often disputed by the greatest personages of the empire, and has, it is believed (although not generally known), been the cause even of a ministerial break-up. Our handsome young notary had a long time dallied there with impunity, between fair and dark, among the eighty little simple and innocent things who constitute the corps de ballet at the opera; but at last he was destined to succumb as well as the rest of mankind, and he allowed himself to be captivated by the blue eyes and pleasant ways of Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain.

Unfortunately, Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain was besieged at the same time by Ayvaz Bey, a fat Turk, who was known by the sobriquet of "Tranquille." Madame Tompain tutored her daughter to appear equally favorable to each till one should propose. The Turk was the first to do so, and he became mademoiselle's accepted lover.

Every one was soon aware of this little event except Master L'Ambert, who was burying his uncle in Poitou. When he returned to the Opera, Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain had a bracelet of diamonds, a necklace of diamonds, and a brooch in brilliants, shining like a lustre. M. L'Ambert was short-sighted, and did not perceive these little matters, no more than did he notice the sly smiles which greeted him on his return. He had just succeeded to his uncle's fortune, and all he thought of was to secure the future of Victorine.

The private entrance to the Opera is in the passage of the Opera, two steps from the Rue Drouot. That night Alfred L'Ambert was waiting impatiently in the passage, smoking a cigar. Not ten paces from him was a little round man with a red turbush, also smoking and waiting. Every now and then a feminine shadow slipped by between the rare gas-lights in black or brown, irrecognisable except to the eyes of love. At the advent of two, scarcely distinguishable from the rest, two men approached, two cigars met, loud words were exchanged, a blow was given upon the little man's nose, and cards were exchanged. It was Master L'Ambert who had given the blow on the nose, and he returned to his carriage without the fair one, but with a card, on which was indited "Ayvaz Bey, Secretary to the Ottoman Embassy, Rue de Grenelle, Saint Germain, 100."

The affair was an awkward one. It might be arranged, but the blow on the nose, he apprehended, would stand in the way. So he drove to his club, where he consulted his friends the old Marquis of Villemaurin and the young Henri Steinbourg, a stock broker, who both declared at once that the blow on the nose spoilt everything.

Ayvaz Bey had in the meantime reconducted Mademoiselle Tompain home, he roaring with anger and vexation of spirit. Thence he proceeded to his friend Ahmed's, to relate his grief.

"I will cut off his nose to-morrow morning," he declared. "It is written in the Koran: 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, nose for nose!'"

Ahmed endeavored to argue his friend out of his sanguinary intentions, but in vain. Ayvaz held by his idea as the Pope does by his temporal power. So Ahmed had perforce to wait with the first dragoman of the embassy, Osman Bey, upon Master L'Ambert. Luckily his friends were with the notary, and the question could be calmly discussed. Master L'Ambert did not feel at all anxious to compromise his reputation for the sake of a ballet-girl, and with the advice of his friends he proffered an explanation and an apology. The two Turks, men of sense, agreed to refer the matter back to Ayvaz. But the terrible Ayvaz would accept no terms of conciliation, and got into a perfect Turkish rage.

"What," he said, "accept an apology when my nose bled! when Victorine and her mother witnessed my disgrace! No, I must die, or I will cut off the offender's nose this very day."

It was then four o'clock in the morning. When the red-faced Turks returned with their hostile message to the notary's, the latter observed that the Turk was impracticable. It was not enough that he had carried away little Tompain from him, but he also insisted upon cutting off his nose. If this affair must be settled, he added, the sooner it was so the better; he would have his horses put to at once, and he would meet his opponent at Parthenay, two leagues from Paris, at ten in the morning.

M. L'Ambert was, like most fashionables in Paris, a practised swordsman. The Turk was supposed to know nothing of the gentle art of assassination, and an easy triumph appeared so certain, that the old Marquis of Villemaurin gave him a word or two of advice, which it is a pity is not more generally acted upon.

"Only remember that one must never strike home. The duel is made to correct fools, not to destroy them. It is only the unskilful who kill their man, under the pretence of teaching them how to live."

For striking or pushing home, the French say "toucher," or "tirer a fond." Upon the occasion of a recent fatal encounter, all the English papers had the literal translation that the heart of the victim was "touched." Alas! it was run through—probably transfixed.

The choice of weapons fell by right upon Ayvaz, and the notary and his witness pulled long faces when they heard that he selected cutlasses. They made all kinds of objections, but in vain; Ayvaz insisted, and they were obliged to borrow a couple of soldiers side-arms at the barracks of the Quay d'Orsay. Ayvaz provided himself on his side with two yataghans of Damascus, that would have cut through a bar of iron.

Arrived at the village, the parties got down from their respective vehicles, and took a pathway across country. The marquis stated that he knew a retired spot where there was no chance of being interrupted. Master L'Ambert, though a practised swordsman, had never been engaged in an actual combat, and his mind was not a little disturbed at the idea of the practical drama in which he was about to play an important part; but even this did not prevent his observing a cat that sat among some gooseberry bushes apparently making faces at him. So slight a trifle sufficed to discompose him, and he drove the cat away. But they had not gone a hundred paces farther when they saw the same cat waiting for them in a field of colza.

"What! are you following us, vile beast?" exclaimed the notary; and he drove it off again, only, however, to reappear at the entrance of the glade where the combat was to take place. Master L'Ambert picked up a stone, but the cat jumped up a tree and got out of reach of the missile.

The witnesses had in the meantime measured off the ground and drawn lots for weapons. Cutlasses carried the day over yataghans. Ayvaz was indifferent as to weapons, and disembarrassing himself of some surplus clothing, and tucking up his sleeves, he took one of the cutlasses in his hand, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon his opponent's nose, just as an angler eyes a fine trout that he has hooked. Then invoking the name of the Prophet, he rushed upon his antagonist, and in an instant the end of the cutlass was covered with blood; a pair of spectacles fell to the ground, and at the same moment a heavy body fell from an adjacent tree. Master L'Ambert was stupified; he put his hands to his face, and ran about with his head bent downwards, like a man suddenly gone mad.

At this crisis M. Triguet, surgeon of Parthenay, to whom a valet had been previously dispatched for fear of accidents, made his appearance. The good man was, however, too much terrified to be able to give any immediate assistance. Some moments had elapsed before he proceeded to take steps to stop the hemorrhage.

"Doctor," said Master L'Ambert, lifting up his head, "shall I lose my nose?"

"No, sir, you will not lose it," replied the agitated village surgeon, "you have lost it already." And then recovering himself a little, he added, "But there are means of restoring the agreeable and useful organ that you have lost."

"Doctor, you shall half my fortune. I would sooner die than live disfigured. How is it?"

"We must first find the nose," replied the disciple of Esculapius.

Up got Master L'Ambert and rushed to the field of battle. His seconds followed him. The Turks—Ayvaz's anger had now completely evaporated—joined in the search. The spectacles were found, but not the nose. But lo! there was the horrible cat with a bloody object in its mouth.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the marquis, pointing to the repulsive animal. Every one understood the exclamation, and rushed upon the cat. But the latter was not in a humor to be treated so unceremoniously, and lost no time in absconding. Never did the little wood of Parthenay witness such a chase, or is it likely that it will ever witness such a one again. There was a marquis, a stock-broker, three Turks, a village surgeon, a liveried servant, and a notary holding his face in his kerchief, all rushing, regardless of obstacles, after a half-wild cat. Those who have never seen a notary pursuing his nose can form no conception of the ardor that he threw into the chase. Gooseberry trees, and currant trees, raspberries and strawberries, were all alike trampled under foot. The good people of Parthenay ran out to stare at this avalanche of madmen, who seemed to threaten the place with destruction. They were bathed in perspiration, for they had followed the cat through woods and coppices, through fields and orchards, and gardens. Victory! the cat is caught. It has fallen into a well. Quick, buckets! Master L'Ambert's nose may still be recovered, if not whole, nearly so. But the well was not like other wells. It was the shaft of an old quarry, with galleries that extended for leagues, and interlaced with the catacombs of Paris. There was no help for it but to return to the Faubourg St. Germain without the nose.

Master L'Ambert's friends did their best under the circumstances to console him on the way, but it was in vain.

"Nothing remains," he groaned, "but to kill myself. I can never go to the Opera again. I shall be laughed at wherever I go. I am disfigured for life."

"You must not despair of science," his seconds insinuated; "of what use would it be to live in the nineteenth century if every accident was to be, as it was formerly, an irreparable mischief?"

No sooner at his home in the Rue Verneuil, than M. Bernier, surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, was sent for. Master L'Ambert remained bathed in tears of vexation till he made his appearance. He did not dare to look in a glass.

"It is a misfortune," observed the surgeon, after listening to the notary's narrative, "but it can be set right in a month."

"Really, doctor. I can have my nose again?"

"Certainly; the rhino-plastic art provides for these occurrences. You can choose between the Indian and the Italian methods."

"I should prefer the mildest."

"The Indian plan consists in cutting a piece from the forehead, leaving only an attachment, turning it upon itself, and sewing it up into a presentable nose. The operation is sure of success, but it leaves a cicatrix in the forehead."

"I won't have a cicatrix at any price, doctor. Indians are savages, and their surgery is worthy of them. What of the Italian method?"

"That demands the exercise of much patience. A piece of flesh must be cut out of your arm, leaving an attachment only, and your face must be sewn to it, and remain so for a month."

"A piece out of my arm! The mere idea is horrible, doctor. I have already undergone one operation to-day at the hands of that terrible Turk, and I assure you I feel in no humor for another."

"Well!" said the surgeon, "there still remains a chance for you. If we could get some poor devil to allow us to cut the piece out of his arm."

"Oh! we will find a man," exclaimed Master L'Ambert, delighted; "expense is nothing." And he rang the bell for his valet.

"But I warn you, you will have to remain for a month sewn together."

"No matter, so long as at the end of the month I can go to the Opera."

A man was found; a young and healthy, but poor Auvergnat, Romagne by name, whose business it was, like most of his countrymen, to carry water. The promise of a handsome reward soon reconciled him to the operation and to its tedious consequences. M. About details at length the trials of these two men, of such different habits, manners, and conversation, thus united by nature for a month; but as these details are neither curious nor instructive, we will pass them over. Suffice it, that both were heartily tired of one another before the happy day of release arrived; and when at length it did come, and M. Bernier separated the two enemies with a cut of his scalpel, Master L'Ambert cast two notes of forty pounds each at his slave, and bade him go, and never let him see him again.

Master L'Ambert was, however, counting without his host. Once more he went into society, and was well received. If he had lost his nose in combat with a Turk, it had also gone there that he had fought like a Turk. The ladies—always so charitable to the unfortunate—even declared that he had gained by the exchange, and that the Auvergnat nose was, if anything, handsomer than the Parisian one. A well-known baroness said, indeed, to have asked a friend of hers, whose nose was not a favorite one, if he would not take his turn with the Turk. As to the green-room, the Hydra with a hundred pretty heads received him in triumph. Even Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain complimented her hero.

Three months had passed away—three months of summer. Master L'Ambert had hired a country place at Maisons-Lafitte. Since his affair with the Turk, his intimacy with M. Steinbourg had greatly increased. He had been introduced to his family—father, and mother, and two sisters; the eldest, Irma Steinbourg, sympathized especially with the notary, and made him tell the strange incident that had befallen him over and over again. The only omission that Master L'Ambert made was the name of his Auvergnat; he could not bear to hear it uttered.

After a mild and brilliant autumn, winter came down like a drop-scene. Master L'Ambert's nose gave proofs upon this occasion of an extraordinary degree of sensibility. It became red, then purple, and then swelled out of all proportion. This was accompanied by an intolerable itching. It was in vain that he made great fires, and nursed his nose in flannel; there was no relief, so M. Bernier was sent for. The surgeon ordered ice and leeches; some relief was obtained, but it did not last. M. Bernier took time to reflect. He had probably heard, in the course of his studies, of the sympathetic cures, concerning which Dr. Pettigrew discourses so learnedly in the work previously quoted, and a belief in which in this country appears to have been more particularly prevalent during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Dryden, in the "Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1, makes Ariel to say, in reference to the wound received by Hippolito from Ferdinand:

He must be dressed again, as I have done it.
Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
weapon salve, and
Wrap it close from air, till I have time to visit
him again.

But M. Bernier had not to do with anointed swords, or axes—as in the instance of the cure performed by Lord Gilbourne upon a carpenter—but with a piece of flesh living on one man and belonging to another. So he soon came to a conclusion.

"I am inclined to think," he suggested to Master L'Ambert, "that that rascal of an Auvergnat is no stranger to this event."

M. L'Ambert declaimed against the notion. That a vile mercenary could exercise an occult influence upon a ministerial nose! It was an impertinence to fancy such a thing!

M. Bernier, however, insisted, and it was determined that Romagne should be sent for. This was not, however, an easy matter. The Parisian had never seen the Auvergnat since the day they had been separated. His address was unknown, and he was sought for in vain. The assistance of the police was obtained, but with no better success. They found plenty of Romagnes, but not the one wanted.

A fortnight had elapsed. It was the 2nd of February, and the notary was seated sorrowfully by the fire, looking sideways at his purple facial feature, when a noise was heard, and M. Bernier made his appearance, dragging in the real Romagne. But alas! how altered. Dirty, dissipated, livid, and brutalised—he no more resembled the Auvergnat of the previous summer than a boiled lobster does a living one. He was less a man than a living erysipelas.

"The monster!" exclaimed M. Bernier. "This is what he has done with the little fortune we gave him. He has been drunk ever since."

"M. Romagne," interrupted the notary, "why did you not invest your money, instead of spending it in wine and brandy?"

"Because you yourself said the best thing that I could do was to amuse myself; and I amused myself after my fashion."

Master L'Ambert winced, for he remembered that this was one of the spiteful counsels he had given in the irritation of a too close proximity.

"Well," he said, "the question now before us is to know if you will renounce your bad practices and leave off a life of debauchery that is killing me by inches."

"I will drink no more, M. L'Ambert. I have not a sou remaining. If you would only buy me a barrel and two pails, I would be the steadiest Auvergnat in Paris."

"Not a centime," replied the notary. "Providence brought you into this predicament so that my natural appearance should be restored to me. Drink water, eat dry bread, die of hunger if you choose, I shall be all the more benefited by it."

Romagne bowed his head and withdrew, dragging his feet after him, and omitting to make an obeisance. His future prospects were not brilliant.

From that time the notary's nose began to improve, the swelling diminished, the color faded away, and by the end of a week it was so much better that he was enabled to go into society again. The ladies welcomed him back again into the world, and among these none congratulated with greater cordialness than the eldest sister of his friend Steinbourg.

But to spring returned, whilst the generous sap was causing the lilacs to bud, it seemed to Master L'Ambert as if his nose did not participate in the seasonable bounties of nature. His nose faded away with an autumnal tint, just as all around was revivifying in spring verdure. It was in vain that he added a little carmine, that he made his diet more generous, and drank nothing but the best Burgundies and clarets, his nose continued to fall off and become more and more sickly and attenuated. Finding that this feature did not participate in the benefits derived by the other portions of his body from generous living, he studied its own individual interests by giving it baths of milk, of wine, of bouillon, and even of tomato sauce, but all in vain. He was obliged to appeal again to the science of M. Bernier.

M. Bernier shook his head.

"It is all wrong," he said; "the Auvergnat must be ill, and it is he who requires medical treatment, not you or your nose."

Master L'Ambert regretted then having treated the man so cruelly, and turned him out of doors without a sou. The question was once more to discover the whereabouts of the water-carrier, and after the loss of a few days, that appeared as so many months to the impatient notary, he was discovered in No. 10, Salle Saint Paul, Hotel Dieu.

But it was one thing to find M. Romagne and another to cure him. The unfortunate Auvergnat, once a good and innocent young man, had been perverted by the notary's money and his bad example; he had become a dissipated, drunken idler, he had passed from that to poverty, wretchedness, want, and sickness, and he had now become thoroughly disgusted with the vanities of the world. He would not take his food, and only sought to die.

Master L'Ambert, terrified, sought the bedside of his victim, and never did Bossuet or Fenelon, Massillon or Fletchier, exhaust their eloquence as did the notary in endeavoring to recall the water-carrier to a sense of what was due to himself and to others—to M. L'Ambert in particular.

But all the reply that he could get was, "It is not worth while, Monsieur L'Ambert; there is too much misery in the world."

Master L'Ambert was obliged to push his tactics beyond even what he had at first contemplated. He was obliged to promise that for the future he should not only have no more work to do, but that he should be liberally provided for, before he could get him to promise that he would take food. Nay, in his excitement, he presented to the sick man's eyes the prospect of half his fortune, and a nice little wife and two or three pretty children into the bargain.

With such altered prospects before him, backed by sundry bowls of soup, the Auvergnat improved so rapidly that in three days he was able to be removed to Master L'Ambert's. The notary received him with the greatest kindness, and gave him the room of his own valet de chambre. As he improved, so did the nose, and when Romagne was himself again, so was Master L'Ambert ready to shine once more in society.

Unfortunately, M. Romagne had nothing to do, and having returned under generous diet and a regular life to more than his pristine health, he had sufficient to spare to fall in love with the cook.

The latter was not a fossil cook, and one day that the Auvergnat had ventured to approach his lips to her lustrous cheeks, she said:

"I see what it is, you want to marry me. Well, if you have any prospects before you, let me know, and we may manage it."

"Would half the fortune of Monsieur L'Ambert suffice?" replied the amorous ex-water-carrier.

"Half of monsieur's fortune!" said his Dulcinea, opening her eyes like saucepans.

"Just so; monsieur has told me a hundred times that I should have half his fortune."

"You had better go speak to him about it, then," said the feminine concoctor of ragouts, smacking her lips as if in the act of tasting a stew.

Needless to say, that when the innocent Auvergnat, who had been brought up upon boiled chestnuts, applied to his master to regulate their accounts, that he received a profound lesson in social grammar. He was made to understand that promises and performances were two quite different things in fashionable society, and that nothing was more fashionable than the figure called hyperbole. This done, the notary pointed out to M. Romagne the necessity which there was for his being separated from the too seductive confectioner of bouillon, and he proceeded at once to have a new suit of clothes made for him, and to find him a place, which, after some trouble, he succeeded in doing, at a manufacturer's of looking-glasses.

The Auvergnat spent six months in his new employment without Master L'Ambert experiencing any inconvenience, but one day, as he was deciphering some old parchments, his golden spectacles broke in the centre and fell upon the table. This did not trouble him at first; he had a spare pair in steel, and he sent the gold ones to be mended. They were brought back, and broke in the same place before twenty-four hours had elapsed. This went on till a dozen new pairs of spectacles had been broken. He then told his friend, M. Bernier,

that he was bewitched; his nose consumed every pair of gold spectacles that were placed upon it.

"Let me see a pair," said the doctor.

A pair was brought, and the surgeon examined it with a powerful lens. He at once recognized an amalgam of quicksilver.

"How is this," he said; "do you use quicksilver for anything?"

"No," replied the notary.

"And what is the Auvergnat doing?"

"Romagne!" exclaimed the notary, taken aback. "He is employed at a looking-glass manufacturer's."

"Precisely so," observed M. Bernier, "and he is saturated with quicksilver. You will have to remove him, or you will never be able to wear a pair of spectacles."

There was no alternative, the Auvergnat had to be taken from his business, and it was deemed advisable to assign him a small allowance, and to provide him with a modest home. Whatever work he was put to, the doctor observed, there was danger in it; it was better to allow him a hundred francs a month, and keep a sharp eye upon him, that he did not get into bad company, and renew his career of dissipation.

The new plan prospered for a time wonderfully. Romagne was paid by the week and watched by the day. A whole year elapsed without any accidents, and during the whole of that time the beautiful eyes of Mademoiselle Irma Steimbourg had never ceased to repose with manifest complacency upon the red and white nose of the happy millionnaire. At length, encouraged by his friend the old Marquis de Villemaurin, who told him it was his duty to do so, as the connexion was the talk of the town, the notary opened the folding-doors of his heart to the fair Irma. The clever and handsome girl did not keep him in suspense, but stretching forth her hand, English fashion, she said:

"C'est une affaire faite. It is all right. My parents are quite willing, and I will give you my instructions with regard to the corbeille. Let us cut formalities short, so that we can get into Italy before the end of winter."

In the meantime all had not been going on quite so satisfactorily with Monsieur Romagne. The hardy Auvergnat had never been accustomed to eat, drink, and sleep, and do nothing, and time fell so heavily upon his hands, that he determined at all risks, and no matter at what loss, to emancipate himself. So, in the desperation of mere ennui, he one fine morning took his departure from his lodgings, and was never heard of again. It is true that Master L'Ambert did not make any very active researches after him. He was quite well, and he saved one hundred francs and the rent by Monsieur Romagne's disappearance.

Master L'Ambert was also at the time solely absorbed, happy man! in the preparations for his nuptials. Love lent wings to make the necessary purchases; he could not even afford to bargain, and paid down just what was asked. It was decided that the wedding was to take place at Saint Thomas d'Aquin on the 3d of March, at one o'clock precisely.

Master L'Ambert rose that day at eight in the morning, refulgent with happiness, and smiling at the rays of an early sun, which had the effect, however, his eyes being just opened, of making him sneeze. The result was peculiar, and not understanding it, he seized upon his cambric kerchief and applied it to where his nose ought to be, but alas! was not. With one bound he stood before a mirror. His nose was gone! Hurrying back to his bed, he turned over the clothes, but the nose was no more to be found than the Chambers of 1819. He rang the bell, and sought assistance, but in vain. M. Bernier must be sent for. What an untoward circumstance. His wedding-day, too!

Monsieur Steimbourg, senior, was dressed, Madame Steimbourg was dressed, the bride and bridesmaids were all apparelled, M. Henry Steimbourg smoked two or three hurried cigars, but the "dear Alfred" did not come. At length Henry resolved upon going to see what had become of his friend. It was not according to good manners, but there was no help for it. He found his intended brother-in-law bathed in tears, and groaning with vexation. The worst was, that he could not console him. He felt inclined to laugh and cry at the same time. There was something so annoying, and yet so ridiculous, in the whole affair.

"Oh! dear, dear Irma!" exclaimed the patient, "she will never marry a man without a nose."

Henry shrugged his shoulders, but dare not venture upon an answer. He however volunteered to go and obtain one from his sister. This amiable person manifested the greatest heroism upon hearing of the disaster.

"Do you think," she said, "that I took him for his appearance? In that case I should have accepted my cousin Rodrigue, who is really a handsome man, but he is not rich. Let us go to M. L'Ambert: he has wealth, a house, and equipages, and I will take him as he is."

But when she entered into the presence of the mutilated notary, this fine enthusiasm evaporated. She actually fainted, ejaculating: "O dear Rodrigue! I have acted very unjustly towards you."

Master L'Ambert remained a bachelor. He had a silver nose manufactured, he retired from his study and from the world, bought a quiet, pleasant house near the Invalides, selected the best wines from his cellar, and enjoyed himself with a few old friends as he best could. The best vintages of Chateau-Yquem, and the most glorious years of Clos Vougeot, are at his disposal. He sometimes congratulates himself that he has a privilege over others: that he can imbibe as much as he pleases without having a red nose.

One evening, a few weeks ago, as he was taking a stroll, his cane in his hand, in the Rue Ebie, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. The shade of Romagne, in black velvet, stood before him!

"Romagne!" exclaimed the notary.

The other lifted his eyes, and answered in his dull, quiet, workman-like manner: "Good evening, Monsieur"—or "Mouchu," as the Auvergnat pronounced it—"L'Ambert."

"You speak—you are alive, then!"

"Most certainly I am alive."

"You rascal! what have you done with my nose, then!" And as he spoke, he had in his irritation seized the Auvergnat by the throat to shake him.

"Leave me alone," said the latter. "You see I cannot defend myself. Don't you see that I have only one arm. When I left your hospitable roof, I got employment where a steam engine was used, and one day, it was a 2d or 3d of March, I believe, it carried the other arm away from the shoulder-joint!"

The arm, and nose with it, were thus irrevocably lost. The moral of our story is evident. 1. Never have anything to do with pretty ballet girls. 2. Never fight duels with a vindictive Turk. 3. Always repair a lost nose from your own flesh and blood.

The Beauty Spring at Crewkerne,

IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

At early dawn, on the First of March,
She stood by the Beauty Well.
Of a bonnier maid, or a better maid,
No man in the town could tell,
Her skin was white as the wind-flower's bloom;
Her eyes were hyacinth blue;
Her breath was sweet as the sweet primrose;
What did she come there to do?

"I want," she said, as she laved her face,
While up rose the glowing sun,
"To be fairer than anything else beside
To him, my darling one.
Oh heaven, that art so rosy, grant
A part of thy bloom to my cheek!
Oh may I be as this water pure,
As yonder violet meek!

"For I could not bear that my love should think
Anything better than I;
I could not bear that a fairer face
Should in his memory lie.
I would that every moment should pass
In a tender, true caress;
I would my life should be life of his;
That my love he ever should bless."

She turned away, and the lark sprang up
And sang with joy above her;
And over her sang, than lark more blithe,
The jubilant heart of her lover.
She grew more beautiful day by day—
The reason who shall tell?
He said 'twas caused by her gentle soul;
She laid it all to the Well.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER LIII.

MARGARET LENNARD'S DELINQUENCIES.

Mrs. Major Lennard was very kind to Eleanor, and if kindness and friendliness on the part of her employers could have made Mrs. Monckton comfortable, she might have been entirely so in her new position.

But comfort was a noun substantive, whose very meaning must, I think, have been utterly incomprehensible to Major and Mrs. Lennard. They had married very young, had started in life all wrong, and had remained in a perpetual state of muddle, both mental and physical, ever since. They were like two children who had played at being grown-up people for twenty years or so; and who were as entirely childish in their play now as they had been at the very beginning. To live with them was to exist in an atmosphere of bewilderment and confusion; to have any dealings whatever with them was to plunge at once into a chaos of disorder, out of which the clearest intellect could scarcely emerge without having suffered complete disorganization. The greatest misfortune of these two people was the likeness they bore to each other. Had Major Lennard been a man of vigorous intellect and strong will, or had he been merely possessed of the average allowance of common sense, he might have ruled his wife, and introduced some element of order into his existence. On the other hand, if Mrs. Lennard had been a sensible woman, she would no doubt have henpecked her husband, and would have rescued the good-natured soldier from a hundred follies, by a well-timed frown, or a sharp matronly nudge, as the occasion might demand.

But they were both alike. They were two overgrown children of forty years of age; and they looked upon the world as a great play-room, whose inhabitants had no better occupation than to find amusement, and chirk the schoolmaster. They were generous and kind-hearted to a degree that, in the opinion of their wiser acquaintance, bordered upon foolishness. They were imposed upon on every side, and had been imposed upon during twenty years, without acquiring any moral wealth in the way of wisdom, from their very costly experience. The Major had within the last twelve months left the army on half-pay, on the death of a maiden aunt, who had left him eight hundred a-year. Up to the date of receiving this welcome legacy, the soldier and his wife had been compelled to exist upon Major Lennard's pay, eked out by the help of stray benefactions which he received from time to time from his rich relatives. The family to which the ponderous officer belonged was very numerous and aristocratic, owning as its chief a marquis, who was uncle to the Major.

So the two big children had decided upon enjoying themselves very much for the rest of their days, and as a commencement of this new life of idleness and enjoyment, Major Lennard had brought his wife to Paris, whence they were to go to Baden-Baden, to meet some of the Major's aristocratic cousins.

"He might come in for the title himself, my dear," Mrs. Lennard told Eleanor, "if seventeen of his first cousins, and first cousins once removed, would die. But, as I told poor papa, when he grumbled at my marrying so badly, you can't expect seventeen cousins to go off all in a minute, just to oblige us by making Freddy a marquis."

Perhaps nothing could have been happier for Eleanor than this life of confusion, this scrambling and unsettled existence, in which the mind was kept in a tumult by trifling cares and agitations; for in this perpetual disorganization of her intellect, the lonely girl had no time to think of her own troubles, or of the isolated position which she had chosen for herself. It was only at night, when she went to bed, in a small apartment very high up in the Hotel du Palais, and about a quarter of an hour's walk from the chamber of the Major and his wife, that she had time to think of Launcelot Darrell's triumph and her husband's unjust suspicions; and even then she could rarely brood very long upon her troubles, for she was generally exhausted alike in mind and body by the confusion and excitement of the day, and more likely to fall asleep and dream of her sorrows than to lie awake and think of them.

Those dreams were more troublesome to her than all the bewilderment of the day, for in them she was perpetually renewing the old struggle with Launcelot Darrell, perpetually upon the eve of victory, but never quite victorious.

The Major lingered in Paris much longer than he had intended, for the big children found the city of boulevards a most delightful play-ground, and frittled away a great deal of money upon expensive dinners at renowned restaurants, ices, opera tickets, new bonnets, Piver's gloves, Lubin's perfumes, and coach hire.

They stopped at the Hotel du Palais, still acting on the Major's theory, that the most expensive hotels are the cheapest—in the end. They dined occasionally at the table d'hote, with two or three hundred companions, and wasted a good deal of time in the great saloons, playing at bagatelle, peering into stereoscopes, turning over the daily papers, reading stray paragraphs here and there, or poring over a chapter of a romance in the *feuilleton*, until brought to a standstill by a disheartening abundance of difficult words.

After breakfast, the Major left his wife and her companion, either to loll in the reading-room, to stroll about the great stone quadrangle, smoking cigars, and drinking occasional brandy and soda, or to read the English papers at Galignani's, or to wait for the post, or to meet a British acquaintance at Hill's cafe, or to stare at the raw young soldiers exercising in the court-yards of the Louvre, or the copper-faced Zouaves who had done such wonderful work in the Crimea; or perhaps to stumble across some hoary-headed veteran who had fought under Napoleon the First, to make friendly speeches to him in bad French, with every verb in a bewilderingly impossible tense, and to treat him to little glasses of pale Cognac.

Then Mrs. Lennard brought out her frame and her color-box, and her velvets and brushes, and all the rest of her implements, and plunged at once into the delightful pursuit of painting upon velvet, an accomplishment which this lady had only newly acquired in six lessons for a guinea, during her last brief sojourn in London.

"The young person who taught me called herself Madame Ascanio de Brindisi—but oh, Miss Villars, if ever there was a cockney in this world, I think she was one—and she said in her advertisement that anybody could earn five pounds a-week easily at this elegant and delightful occupation; but I'm sure I don't know how *I* should ever earn five pounds a-week, Miss Villars, for I've been nearly a month at this one sofa cushion, and it has cost five-and-thirty shillings already, and isn't finished yet, and the Major doesn't like to see me work, and I'm obliged to do it while he's out; just as if it was a crime to paint upon velvet. If you *could* mend those gloves, dear, that are split across the thumb—and really Piver's gloves at four francs, five-and-twenty wash, its names! oughn't to do so, though the Major says it's my own fault, because I will buy six-and-a-quarter's—I should be so much obliged," Mrs. Lennard added entreatingly, as she seated herself at her work in one of the long windows. "I shall get on splendidly," she exclaimed, "if the Emperor doesn't go for a drive; but if he does, I must leave off my work, and look at him—he's such a dear."

Eleanor was very willing to make herself what the advertisements call "generally useful" to the lady who had engaged her. She was a very high-spirited girl, we know, quick to resent any insult, sensitive and proud; but she had no false pride. She felt no shame in doing what she had undertaken to do; and if for her own convenience she had taken the situation of a kitchen-maid, she would have performed the duties of that situation to the best of her ability. So she mended Mrs. Lennard's gloves, and darned that lady's delicate lace collars, and tried to infuse something like order into her toilette, and removed the damp ends of cigars, which it was the Major's habit to leave about upon every available piece of furniture, and made herself altogether so useful that Mrs. Lennard declared she would henceforth be unable to live without her.

"But I know how it will be, you nasty provoking thing!" the Major's wife exclaimed, "you'll go on in this way, and you'll make us fond of you, and just as we begin to dost upon you, you'll go and get married, and leave us, and then I shall have to get another old frump like Miss Pallister, who lived with me before you, and who never would do anything for me scarcely, but was always talking about belonging to a good family, and not being used to a life of dependence. I'm sure I used to wish she had belonged to a bad family. But I know it'll be so, just as we're most comfortable with you, you'll go and marry some horrid creature."

Eleanor blushed crimson as she shook her head.

"I don't think that's very likely," she said.

"Ah! you say that," Mrs. Lennard answered doubtfully, "but you can't convince me quite so easily. I know you'll go and marry; but you don't know the troubles you may bring upon yourself if you marry young—as I did," added the lady, dropping her brush upon her work, and breathing a profound sigh.

"Troubles, my dear Mrs. Lennard!" cried Eleanor. "Why, it seems to me as if you never could have had any sorrow in your life."

"'Seems, Hamlet!'" exclaimed Mrs. Lennard, casting up her eyes tragically; "'seem, it is; *I* know not seems,' as the Queen says to Hamlet—or perhaps it's Hamlet says so to the Queen, but that doesn't matter. Oh, Miss Villars! my life might have been very happy, perhaps, but for the blighting influence of my own crime; a crime that I can never atone for—*nev-arr!*"

Eleanor would have been quite alarmed by this speech, but for the tone of enjoyment with which Mrs. Lennard gave utterance to it. She had pushed aside her frame, and huddled her brushes together upon the buhl table—there was nothing but buhl and ormolu, and velvet-pile and ebony at the Hotel du Palais, and an honest mahogany chair, a scrap of Kidderminster carpet, or a dimity curtain would have been a relief to the overstrained intellect—and she sat with her hands clasped upon the edge of the table, and her light blue eyes fixed in a tragic rapture.

"Crime, Mrs. Lennard!" Eleanor repeated, in that tone of horrified surprise which was less prompted by actual terror than by the feeling that some exclamation of the kind was demanded of her.

"Yes, my dear, ker—rime! ker—rime is not too harsh a word for the conduct of a woman who jilts the man that loves her, on the very eve of the day appointed for the wedding, after a most elaborate trousseau has been prepared at *his* expense, to say nothing of heaps of gorgeous presents, and diamonds as plentiful as dirt—and elopes with another man. Nothing could be more dreadful than that, could it, Miss Villars?"

Eleanor felt that she was called upon to say that nothing *could* be more dreadful, and said so accordingly.

"Oh, don't despise me, then, or hate me, please, Miss Villars," cried Mrs. Lennard; "I know you'll feel inclined to do so; but don't. I did it!—I did it, Miss Villars. But I'm not altogether such a wretch as I may seem to you. It was chiefly for my poor pa's sake; it was, indeed."

Eleanor was quite at a loss to know how Mrs. Lennard's bad conduct to her affianced husband could have benefitted that lady's father, and she said something to that effect.

"Why, you see, my dear, in order to explain that, I must go back to the very beginning, which was when I was at school."

As Mrs. Lennard evidently derived very great enjoyment from this kind of conversation, Eleanor was much too good-natured to discourage it; so the painting upon velvet was abandoned, for that morning at least, and the Major's wife gave a brief synopsis of her history for the benefit of Mrs. Monckton.

"You must know, my dear," Mrs. Lennard began, "my poor pa was a country gentleman; and he had once been very rich; or at least his family—and he belonged to a very old family, though not an aristocratic as the Major's—had once been very rich; but somehow or other through the extravagance of one and another, poor pa was dreadfully poor, and his estate, which was in Berkshire, was heavily—what's its name; —mortgaged."

Eleanor gave a slight start at the word "Berkshire," which did not escape Mrs. Lennard.

"You know Berkshire?" she said.

"Yes, some part of it."

"Well, my dear, as I said before, poor papa's estate was very heavily mortgaged, and he'd scarcely anything that he could call his own, except the rambling old country-house in which I was born; and beyond that he was awfully in debt, and in constant dread of his creditors sending him to prison, where he might have finished his days, for there wasn't the least possibility of his ever paying his debts by anything short of a miracle. Now of course all this was very sad. However I was too young to know much about it, and papa sent me to a fashionable school at Bath where his sisters had gone when they were young, and where he knew he could get credit for my education to be finished."

Eleanor, hard at work at the split gloves, listened rather indifferently to this story, at first; but little by little she began to be interested in it, until at last she let her hands drop into her lap, and left off working, in order the better to attend to Mrs. Lennard's discourse.

"Well, Miss Villars, it was at that school that I met the ruling-star of my fate—that is to say, the Major, who was then dreadfully young, without even the least pretence of whiskers, and always sitting in a pastry-cook's-shop in the fashionable street eating strawberry ices. He had only just got his commission, and he was quartered at Bath with his regiment, and his sister Louisa was my schoolfellow at Miss Florathorne's, and he called one morning to see her, and I happened that very morning to be practising in the drawing-room, the consequence of which was that we met, and from that hour our destinies were sealed.

"I won't dwell upon our meetings, which Louisa managed for us, and which were generally dreadfully inconvenient, for Fred used to clamber up the garden wall by the toes of his boots—and he has told me since that the brickwork used to scratch off all the varnish, which of course made it dreadfully expensive—but what will not love endure! —and hook himself on as it were; and it was in that position, with nothing of him visible below his chin, that he made me a most solemn offer of his hand and heart. I was young and foolish, Miss Villars, and I accepted him, without one thought of my poor papa, who was the most indulgent of parents, and who had always let me do everything I liked, and indeed owed upwards of fifty pounds, at a toy-shop in Windsor, for dolls and things that he'd bought me before I was grown up.

"Well, from that hour, Frederick and I were engaged, and he dropped a turquoise ring in among the bushes at the bottom of the garden the next morning, and Louisa and I had upwards of an hour's work to find it. We were engaged! But we were not long allowed to bask in the sunshine of requited affection, for a fortnight after this Frederick's regiment was ordered out to Malta, and I was wretched. I will pass over my wretchedness, which might not be interesting to you, Miss Villars, and I will only say that, night after night, my pillow was wet with tears, and that, but for Louisa's sympathy, I should have broken my heart. Frederick and I corresponded regularly under cover of Louisa, and that was my only comfort.

"By-and-by, however, the time for my leaving school came—partly because I was seventeen years of age, and partly because papa couldn't settle Miss Florathorne's bills —and I went home to the old rambling house in Berkshire. Here I found everything at sixes and sevens, and poor papa in dreadfully low spirits. His creditors were all getting horribly impatient, he had all sorts of writs, and attachments, and judgments, and contempts of courts, and horrors of that kind, out against him; and if they could have put him into two prisons at once, I think they would have done it, for some of them wanted him in Whitecross street, and others wanted him in the Queen's Bench, and it was altogether dreadful.

"Well, papa's only friend of late years had been a very learned gentleman, belonging to a grand legal firm in the city, who had managed all his business matters for him. Now this gentleman had lately died, and his only son, who had succeeded to a very large fortune upon his father's death, was staying with my poor papa when I came home from school.

"I hope you won't think me conceited, Miss Villars, but in order to make my story intelligible, I'm *obliged* to say that at that time I was considered a very pretty girl. I had been the belle of the school at Miss Florathorne's, and when I went back to Berkshire and mixed in society, people made a tremendous fuss about me. Of course you know, my dear, troubles about money matters, and a wandering life, and French dinners, which are too much for a weak digestion, have made a very great difference in me, and I'm not a bit like what I was then. Well, the young lawyer, who was staying with papa—I shall not tell you his name, because I consider it very desirable able to tell the name of a person you've jilted, even to a friend—is very attentive. However, I think, on account of there being two Christian names, and though he was very handsome and gentlemanly looking, and awfully clever, he was very ugly, was true to Frederick, and wrote a letter to Louisa, desiring that, what with the mosquitoes and what with the consumption from me, and owing debts of honor to his brother officers, and not double pairs of his way to get them, he was often on the verge of committing suicide.

"I had not told papa of my engagement, you must know, my dear, because I didn't dare he'd grumble about my engaging myself to a penniless ensign; though Fred might have been a marquis, for at that time there were only eleven cousins between him and the title. So one day papa took me out for a drive with him, while Mr. ——, while the young lawyer was out shooting; and he told me that he was sure, from several things the young lawyer had let drop, that he was desperately in love with me, and that it would be his salvation—pa's—if I would marry him, for he was sure that in that case the young man, who was very generous and noble-minded, would pay his debts—pa's—and then he could go on the continent and end his days in peace.

"Well, my dear Miss Villars, the scene between us was actually heartrending. I told pa that I loved another—I dared not say that I was actually engaged to poor dear Frederick—and pa entreated me to sacrifice what he called a foolish school-girl's fancy, and to give some encouragement to a noble-hearted young man, who would no doubt get him out of the most abominable trouble, and would make me an excellent husband."

"And you consented?"

"Yes, my dear, after a great deal of persuasion, and after shedding actual oceans of tears, and in compliance with pa's entreaties, I began to give the young lawyer—I'm obliged to call him the *young* lawyer, because one is so apt to associate lawyers with gray hair, and grumpiness, and blue bags—a little encouragement, and in about a week's time he made me an offer, and I accepted it, though my heart was still true to Frederick, and I was still corresponding with him under cover of Louisa."

Eleanor looked very grave at this part of the story, and Mrs. Lennard interpreted her companion's serious face as a mute reproach.

"Yes, I know it was very wrong," she exclaimed; "but then, what in goodness' name was I to do, driven to distraction upon one side by pa, driven to distraction upon the other side by Fred, who vowed that he would blow out his brains if I didn't write to him by every mail.

"Well, my dear, the young lawyer, whom I shall call in future my affianced husband, for short, behaved most nobly. In the first place he bought pa's estate, not that he wanted it, but because pa wanted the money; and then he lent pa enough money, over and above the price of the estate, to settle with all his creditors, and to buy an annuity, upon which he could live very comfortably abroad. Of course this was very generous of him, and he made quite light of it, declaring that my love would have repaid him for much greater sacrifices. You know he thought I loved him, and I really did try to love him, and to throw over poor Frederick, for papa's sake; but the more I tried to throw Frederick over, and the more distant and cold I made my letters, the more heartrending he became, reminding me of the vows I had uttered in the garden at Bath, and declaring that if I jilted him, his blood should be upon my head. So, what with one thing and another, my life was a burden.

"It took papa some time to settle all his debts, even with the assistance of my affianced husband, but at last everything was arranged, and we started for a continental tour. My affianced husband accompanied us, and the marriage was arranged to take place at Lausanne. I need not say that I was very unhappy all this time; and I felt that I was a very wicked creature, for I was deceiving one of the best of men. Perhaps the worst of all was, that my affianced husband had such perfect confidence in me, that I scarcely think anything I could have said or done—short of what I did at the very last—could have shaken his faith. He talked sometimes of my youth, and my childishness, and my simplicity, until I used to feel a perfect Lucretia Borgia. Ah, Miss Villars, it was dreadful, and I often felt inclined to throw myself at his feet and tell him all about Frederick; but the thought of my poor papa, and the recollection of the money for the estate, which could not be paid back again, sealed my lips, and I went on day after day deceiving the best of men. You see, I'd gone too far to recede, and oh, my dear, that is the awful penalty one always pays for one's wickedness—if you begin by deceiving any one, you're obliged to go on, and on, and on, from one deception to another, until you feel the basest creature in the world.

"At least that's how I felt when all the lovely dresses, and jewels, and things that my affianced husband had ordered arrived from Paris. If I could have walked upon gold, Miss Villars, I do think that foolish

mad—for he was quite foolish about me, though in a general way he was so very clever—would have thought the parent brilliant only in for paying dearly under my feet. The rifle and mitre—extra wasn't cost—then, you know—would have stood alone if one had wanted them to do so; the lace—well, I won't dwell upon that, because I daresay you think already that I shall never have done talking, and are getting dreadfully tired of this long story."

"No, Mrs. Leonard," Eleanor answered gravely, "I am very much interested in your story. You cannot tell how deeply it interests me."

The Major's wife was only too glad to receive permission to run on. Shut was one of those people who are never happier than when reciting their own memoirs, or relating remarkable passages in the history of their lives.

"The very eve of the wedding-day had arrived," resumed Mrs. Leonard, in a very solemn, and, indeed, almost awful voice, "when the unlooked-for crisis of my destiny came upon me like a thunderbolt. Pa and my affianced husband had gone out together, and I was alone in one of the apartments which we occupied at Lausanne. It was about an hour before dinner, and I was dressed in one of the silks that had come from Paris, and I was tolerably resigned to my fate, and determined to do my best to make my affianced husband happy, and to prove my gratitude for his goodness to my father. Imagine my horror, then, when I was told that a lady wished to see me—an English lady—and before I could decide whether I was at home or not, in rushed Louisa Leonard, very dusty and tumbled, for she had only just arrived, and of course there was no railway to Lausanne from anywhere, at that time.

"Well, my dear Miss Villars, it seems that Frederick's silence, which I had taken for resignation, was quite the reverse. Louisa had heard of my intended marriage, and had written about it to her brother, and her brother had gone nearly mad, and, being on the eve of obtaining leave of absence on account of his bad health—the climate had knocked him up—contrived to get away from Malta immediately. He and his sister had managed to persuade their rich maiden aunt, who was very fond of Frederick, and who left him all her money the other day, to take them both to Switzerland, and there they were, with the rich maiden aunt, who was very much knocked up by the journey, and who had not the least shadow of a suspicion that she had been made a cat's paw.

"Well, Miss Villars, anybody,—even the hardest-hearted of creatures,—would have been touched by such devotion as this, and for the moment I forgot all about my affianced husband's generosity, and I gave that enthusiastic Louisa, who really was the moving spirit of everything, a solemn promise that I would see Frederick that night, if only for ten minutes. Of course I didn't tell her that the next day was appointed for my wedding, because I was too much afraid of her anger, as she was devotedly attached to her brother, and had heard my solemn vows in the garden at Bath; but the people at the hotel told her all about it, in their nasty gossiping way: the consequence of which was, that when I met Fred in the porch of the cathedral, while papa and my affianced husband were taking their wine after dinner, his goings on were really awful.

"I can never describe that scene. When I look back at it, it seems like a dream—all hurry, and noise, and confusion. Frederick declared that he had come all the way from Malta to claim me as his bride, and called my affianced husband a baron all covered with jewels and gold, from the ballad of 'Alonzo the Brave,' which he had been in the habit of reciting at school. And, poor, dear fellow, now that I saw him again, my heart, which had always been true to him, seemed more true to him than ever; and what with Louisa, who was very strong-minded, going on at me, and calling me mercenary, and faithless, and deceitful, and what with Frederick going down upon his knees in that chilly porch, and getting up suddenly every time the person who showed the cathedral to strangers happened to look our way, I scarcely knew what I said or did, and Frederick extorted from me the promise that I would run away with him and Louisa that very night, and be married to him as soon as ever we could find anybody that would marry us.

"I can never describe that dreadful night, Miss Villars; suffice it to say, that I ran away without a bit of luggage, and that Frederick, Louisa, and I, performed the most awful journey—almost all by diligence—and were nearly jolted to death between Lausanne and Paris, where Fred, by the help of some English friends, contrived to get the ceremony performed by a Protestant clergyman, at the house of the British Consul, but not without a great deal of difficulty and delay, during which I expected every day that my affianced husband would come tearing after me.

"He did nothing of the kind, however. I heard afterwards from papa that he didn't show the least disposition to pursue me, and he particularly requested that no attempt should be made to prevent my doing exactly as I pleased with regard to Fred. If he had pursued me, Miss Villars, I have no doubt I should have gone back and married him, for I am very weak, and it is my nature to do whatever people wish me to do. But all he did was to walk about very quietly, looking as pale as a ghost for a day or two, and having cut all the ridicule that attached to him because of his bride's running away from him upon the eve of the wedding-day, and then he parted company with papa, and went away to Egypt, and went up the Nile, and did all sorts of outlandish things."

"And have you never seen him since?" Eleanor asked, anxiously.

"Yes, once," answered Mrs. Leonard, "and that's the most singular part of the story. About three years after my marriage I was in London, and Fred and I were very, very poor, for his aunt hadn't then forgiven him for making a cat's paw of her at Lausanne, and he had no remittances from her, and nothing but his pay, and an occasional present from Louisa, who married a rich city man soon after our elopement. I had had one baby, a little girl, who was then a year and a half old, and who was christened after Fred's rich aunt; and Fred's regiment was ordered out to India, and I was getting ready to join him at Southampton, and I was very unhappy at having to take my darling out there, for people said the climate would kill her. I was in lodgings in the neighborhood of Euston Square, and I was altogether very wretched, when one evening at dusk, as I was sitting by the fire, with my little girl in my lap, who should walk into the room but the very man I had jilted.

"I gave a scream when I saw him, but he begged me not to be frightened of him; and then I asked him if he had forgiven me. He said he had tried to forgive me. He was very grave and quiet; but though I think he tried to be gentle, there was a sort of suppressed sternness in his manner which made me feel afraid of him. He had not very long returned from the East, he said, and he was very lonely and wretched. He had heard from my father that I was going to India, and that I had a little girl, whom I was obliged to take abroad with me for want of the means of providing her with a comfortable home in England. He proposed to me to adopt this little girl, and to bring her up as his own daughter, with my husband's consent.

"He promised to leave her very well off at his death, and to give her a fortune if he lived to see her married. He would be most likely, he said, to leave her all his money; but he made it a condition that neither I nor her father should have any further claim upon her. We were to give her up altogether, and were to be satisfied with hearing of her from time to time, through him.

"'I am a lonely man, Mrs. Lennard,' he said, 'even my wealth is a burden to me. My life is purposeless and empty. I have no incentive to labor—nothing to love or to protect. Let me have your little girl; I shall be a better father to her than your husband can be.'

"At first I thought that I could never, never consent to such a thing; but little by little he won me over, in a grave, persuasive way, that convinced me in spite of myself, and I couldn't afford to engage a nurse to go out to Calcutta with me, and I'd advertised for an ayah who wanted to return, and who would go with me for the consideration of her passage-money, but there had been no answers to my advertisements; so at last I consented to write to Fred to ask him if he would agree to our parting with the pet. Fred wrote me the shortest of letters by return of post; 'Yes,' he said, 'the child would be an awful nuisance on shipboard, and it will be much better for her to stop in England.' I sent his letter to the lawyer, and the next day he brought a nurse, a respectable elderly person, and fetched away my precious darling.

"You see, Miss Villars, neither Fred nor I had *realized* the idea that we were parting with her forever; we only thought of the convenience of getting her a happy home in England for nothing, while we went to be broiled to death's door out in India. But, ah, when years and years passed by, and the two babies who were born in India died, I began to grieve dreadfully about my lost pet; and if I hadn't been what some people call frivolous, and if Fred and I hadn't suited each other so exactly, and been somehow or other always happy together in all our troubles, I think I should have broken my heart. But I try to be resigned," concluded Mrs. Leonard, with a profound sigh, "and I hear *of* my pet once in six months or so, though I never hear from her, and indeed I doubt if she knows she's got such a thing as a mamma in the universe—and I have her portrait, poor darling, and she's very like what I was twenty years ago."

"I know she is," Eleanor answered gravely.

"You know she is! You know her, then?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Lennard. Very strange things happen in this world, and not the least strange is the circumstance which has brought you and me together. I know your daughter intimately. Her name is Laura, is it not?"

"Yes, Laura Mason Lennard, after Fred's rich aunt, Laura Mason."

"And your maiden name was Margaret Ravenshaw."

"Good gracious me, yes!" cried Mrs. Leonard. "Why you seem to know everything about me."

"I have this much,—the man you jilted was Gilbert Monckton, of Tolldale Priory."

"Of course! Tolldale was poor papa's place till he sold it to Mr. Monckton. Oh, Miss Villars, if you know him, how you must despise me."

"I only wonder that you could—"

Eleanor stopped abruptly; the termination of her speech would not have been very complimentary to the good-tempered Major. Mrs. Leonard understood that sudden pause.

"I know what you were going to say, Miss Villars. You were going to say you wondered how I could prefer Fred to Gilbert Monckton; and I'm not a bit offended. I know as well as you do that Mr. Monckton is very, VERY, VERY superior to Frederick in intellect, and dignity, and elegance, and all manner of things. But then, you see," added Mrs. Lennard, with a pleading smile, "Fred *suited me*."

CHAPTER LIV.

VERY LONELY.

Eleanor had considerable difficulty in parrying Mrs. Leonard's questions as to how she had come to know Gilbert Monckton and his ward; and she was obliged to confess that she had been musical governess to Laura at Hazlewood.

"But I must beg you not to tell Mr. Monckton that I am with you, if you should happen to write to him," Eleanor said; "I have a very particular reason for wishing him to remain in perfect ignorance of my present home."

"To be sure, my dear," answered Mrs. Lennard. "Of course I won't tell him if you don't wish me to do so. He only writes to me once in six months or so, to tell me how my lost darling is; and though I have implored him again and again, he won't let me see her. 'She is still little more than a child,' he wrote in his last letter, 'and I dread the effect of your influence upon her. It is out of no revengeful feeling that I keep your daughter apart from you. When her character is formed and her principles fixed you shall know her.' As if I was a wretch," cried Mrs. Leonard, in conclusion, "and should contaminate my own daughter!"

Eleanor smiled as she shook her head.

"Dear Mrs. Lennard," she said, "your daughter is perhaps better off in the care of such a man as Gilbert Monckton. She is as kind-hearted and good-tempered as yourself, but she is rather weak, and—"

"And I'm weak too. Yes, I quite understand you, Miss Villars. It is my misfortune to be weak-minded. I can't say no to people. The arguments of the person who talks to me last always seem stronger than those of the person who talk to me first. I take impressions quickly, and don't take them deeply. I was touched to the heart by Gilbert Monckton's kindness to my father, and I meant to marry him as I promised, and to be his true and obedient wife; and then when Fred came all the way to Lausanne, and went on so about being ill-used and deserted, and wanted to commit suicide, I thought it was my duty to run away with Fred. I haven't any opinions of my own, you see, and I'm always ready to be influenced by the opinions of other people."

Eleanor thought long and deeply over the story she had heard from Mrs. Lennard. This was the root of Gilbert Monckton's suspicions. He had been deceived, most cruelly, most unexpectedly, by a beautiful, childish creature, in whose innocence he had implicitly believed. He had been fooled and hood-winked by a fair-haired angel with candid turquoise-colored eyes, that had seemed to beam upon him with all the brightness of truth. He had been deceived most egregiously, but he had not been deliberately betrayed; for up to the time of her treacherous desertion of her affianced lover, Margaret Ravenshaw had meant to be true to him. Unhappily Gilbert Monckton did not know this. It is difficult for the man who finds himself as cruelly jilted as he was, not to believe that the false one has intended all along to turn traitor at the last. There had been no explanation between Margaret and the lawyer, and he was entirely ignorant of the manner of her flight. He only knew that she had left him without a word to prepare him for the death-blow, without a line of regretful farewell to make his sorrow lighter to him. The frivolous, shallow woman had been unable to fathom the depth of the strong man's love. Margaret Ravenshaw knew there was very little of the divine in her nature, and she had never expected to inspire the mighty affection of a grand and noble soul. She was able to understand the love of Frederick Lennard, which was demonstrated by noisy protestations, and letters in which the young man's doubtful orthography was blistered by his tears; but she could not understand this intensity of feelings that did not make themselves visible in any stereotyped fashion.

Unluckily for the harmony of creation, wise men do not always fall in love wisely. The wisest and best are apt to be bound captive by some external charm, which they think must be the outward evidence of an inward grace; and Gilbert Monckton had loved this frivolous, capricious girl as truly as if she had been the best and greatest woman. So the blow that had fallen upon him was a very heavy one; and its most fatal effect was to transform a confiding nature into a suspicious one.

He argued as many men argue under the same circumstances. He had been deceived by one woman, *ergo*, all women were capable of deception. I don't suppose the "Stranger" placed very much confidence in the Countess, or had by any means too high an opinion of Charlotte; and the best of men are apt to feel very much after the manner of Mrs. Haller's husband.

It seemed very strange to Eleanor to be living with Gilbert Monckton's first love. It was almost as if some one had arisen out of the grave, for she had looked upon that old story which had been hinted at by the Hazlewood gossips as something so entirely belonging to the past, that she had imagined Margaret Ravenshaw must of necessity be dead.

And here she was, live and merry, knowing no greater uneasiness than a vague dread of increasing plumpness induced by French dinners. Here she was, the very reverse of the image that Eleanor had conjured up in her mind in association with Gilbert's false love—a good-tempered, commonplace, pretty, middle-aged woman. Mrs. Monckton felt a little pang of jealousy at the thought that her husband had once loved this woman so dearly. Her husband! Had she still the right to call him by that name? Had he not severed the link between them of his own free-will? Had he not outraged her honor, insulted her truth by his base and unfounded suspicions? Yes; he had done all this, and yet Eleanor loved him! She knew the strength of her love now that she was away from him, and might perhaps never see his face looking at her in kindness again. She knew it now that her scheme of vengeance against Launcelot Darrell had failed, and left a great blank in her mind. She thought of her husband seriously now for the first time, and she knew that she loved him.

"Richard was right," she thought again and again, "the purpose of my life was cruel and unwomanly. I had no right to marry Gilbert Monckton while my mind was full of angry thoughts. Richard was right. My poor father's rest would be no more peaceful if I had made Launcelot Darrell pay the penalty of his wickedness."

She did not abandon her idea of vengeance all at once, but little by little; by very slow degrees her mind became reconciled to the idea that she had failed in her scheme of retribution, and that there was nothing left her but to try and justify herself in the sight of the husband she loved.

She loved him, and the pride and anger which had prompted her to run away from Tolldale Priory, willingly abandoning all claim to his name and protection, were beginning to give way now. Mrs. Lennard's story had thrown new light upon the past, and Eleanor made all kinds of excuses for her husband's conduct. It was his habit to bear all sorrows quietly, Heaven only knew what anguish he might have felt in the thought of his young wife's falsehood.

"He would not pursue Margaret Ravenshaw," Eleanor thought, "and he makes no attempt to find me. And yet he may love me as truly as he loved her. Surely, if God refused to hear my prayers for revenge, He will grant me the power to justify myself."

She could only blindly hope for some unknown chance that might enable her to justify herself; and that chance would perhaps never come. She was very unhappy when she thought of this; and it was only the perpetual confusion in which Major Lennard and his wife always contrived to keep everybody belonging to them that saved her from suffering very cruelly.

All this time she was quite ignorant of the appearance of an advertisement which had been repeated at the top of the second column of the *Times* supplement every day for nearly a month, and about which idle people hazarded all manner of conjectures:

ELEANOR, come back. I was rash and cruel. I will trust you. G. M.

Major Lennard was in the habit of seeing the *Times* every day at Galignani's; but, as he was not a very acute observer or original thinker, he took no notice of the repetition of this advertisement beyond an occasional "By Jove! How! that poor day'l! still advertising for Ele'ner!" nor did he ever make any allusion to the circumstance in his domestic circle.

So Eleanor hugged her sorrows secretly in the gayest city in the world, while Gilbert Monckton was rushing hither and thither, and breaking his heart about his lost wife.

I think that pitying angels must sometimes weep over the useless torments, the unnecessary anguish, which foolish mortals inflict upon themselves.

CHAPTER LV.

VICTOR BOURDON GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

Major and Mrs. Lennard and Eleanor Monckton had stayed for nearly two months at the Hotel du Palais. April was fast melting into May, and the atmosphere in the City of Boulevards was very different to the chilling breezes and fleeting sunshine of an English spring. Miniature strawberries were exposed in the windows of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal, along with monstrous asparagus, and green peas from Algeria, until the mind of the insular-bred stranger grew confused as to the succession of the months, and was beguiled into thinking that May must be omitted in the French almanac, and that capricious April skipped away in a farewell shower to give place at once to glowing June.

It was difficult for a thorough-bred Briton to believe that the Fete of the First Napoleon had not yet come to set the fountains playing at Versailles, for the asphalte on the Boulevards was unpleasantly warm under one's boots. Airily-attired ladies were lounging upon the chairs in the gardens of the Tuileries; only the most fragile and vaporous bonnets were to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne; vanille and strawberry ice were in constant demand at Tortoni's; and idle Parisians spent the dusky spring evenings seated outside the lighted cafés, drinking iced lemonade.

Upon one of these very warm April days Major Lennard insisted upon taking his wife and her companion to dine at a restaurant not very far from the Bourse, where the pastorally-inclined epicure could dine in a garden, a pleasant quadrangle, festooned with gay blossoms, and musical with the ripple of a fountain. Eleanor did not often accompany the Major and his wife in their pleasure-excursions, the end and aim of which generally was a dinner; but this time Major Lennard insisted upon her joining them.

"It's the last dinner I shall give Mag in Paris," he said; "for we must start for Brussels on Saturday, and I mean it to be a good one."

Eleanor submitted; for her new friends had been very kind to her, and she had no motive for opposing their wishes. It was much better for her to be with them in any scene of gayety, however hollow and false that gayety might be, than alone in the splendid saloon at the Hotel du Palais, brooding over her troubles in the dusky twilight, and thinking of the horrible night on which she had watched for her father's coming in the Rue l'Archeveque.

The restaurant near the Place de la Bourse was very much crowded upon this sunny April afternoon, and there was only one table vacant when the Major and his party entered the flowery little quadrangle, where the rippling of the fountain was unheard amidst the clattering of plates and the chinking of silver forks. It was seven o'clock, and the dinners were in high progress—the diners eating very fast, and talking a great deal faster.

The little arbor-like box which Major Lennard selected, was next to a similar arbor, in which there was a group of Frenchmen. Eleanor sat with her back to these men, who had very nearly finished their dinners, and who, from the style of their conversation, appeared to have taken plenty of wine. The man who was evidently the entertainer, sat with his legs among a forest of empty bottles, and the jingling of glasses and the "cloop" of newly-drawn corks drowned a good deal of the conversation.

It was not very likely that Eleanor would listen to these men's talk, or indeed distinguish one voice from another, or one word from another, amidst the noise of the crowded garden. She had quite enough to do to attend to Mrs. Lennard, who chatted all dinner time, keeping up an uninterrupted babble, in which remarks upon the business of the dinner-table were blended with criticism upon the dress of ladies sitting in the other boxes.

"You should eat those little red things—baby-lobsters—ecrivisses, I think they call them, dear; I always do. How do you like that bonnet; no, not that one—a little more St. Jacques, Major—the black one, with the peach-colored strings. I wonder why they call all the clarets saints, and not the Burgundies. Do you think she's pretty, in the box opposite? No, you don't think much of her, do you?—*I* don't—*I* like the one in the blue silk pretty well, if her eyebrows weren't so heavy."

The dinner was drawing to a close, the Major was up to his eyes in roast fowl and water-cress, and Mrs. Lennard was scraping the preserved fruit out of a shell-work of heavy pastry with the point of her spoon, trifling idly now that the grand business was done, when Eleanor rose suddenly from her seat, breathless and eager, as much startled by the sound of a voice in the next arbor as if a shell had just exploded amidst the debris of the dinner.

"After?" some one had said interrogatively.

"After," answered a man whose voice had grown hoarser and thicker as the empty bottles about the legs of the president had become more numerous, "my stripling has refused me a little banknote of a thousand francs. Thou art too dear, my friend, he has said to me; *that* has been paid already, and enough largely. Besides, *that* was not great things. Ah! ha! I said, thou art there, my drole; you begin to fatigue yourself of your confederate. He is too much. Very well; he has his pride, he also. Thou art the last of men, and I say to you, adieu, Monsieur Launcelot Darrell."

This was the name that struck upon Eleanor's ear, and aroused the old feeling in all its strength. The snake had only been scotched after all. It reared its head at the sound of that name like a war-horse at the blast of a trumpet. Eleanor, starting to her feet, turned round and faced the party in the next box. The man who had spoken had risen also, and was leaning across the table to reach a bottle on the other side. Then it was that the faces of the two were opposite to each other; and Victor Bourdon, the commercial traveller, recognised Gilbert Monckton's missing wife.

He dropped the glass that he was filling, and poured some wine into the cuff of his coat, while he stared at Eleanor in drunken surprise.

"You are here, madame?" he cried, with a look in which astonishment was blended with intense delight—a sort of tipsy radiance that illuminated the Frenchman's fat face. Even in the midst of her surprise at seeing him, Eleanor perceived that blending of expression, and wondered at it.

Before she could speak, Monsieur Bourdon had left his party, and had deliberately seated himself in the empty chair next her. He seized her hand in both his own, and bent over her as she shrunk away from him.

"Do not recoil from me, madame," he said, always speaking in French that was considerably disguised by wine. "Ah, you do not know. I can be of the last service to you; and you can be of the last service to me also. I have embroiled myself with this Monsieur Lang—col—lotte, for, always, after that which I have done for him, he is an ingrate—he is less than that!" Monsieur Bourdon struck the nail of his thumb upon his front tooth with a gesture of inutterable contempt. "But why do I tell you this, madame? You were in the garden when this poor old—this Monsieur de Crespigny was lying dead. You remember; you know. Never mind; I lose the head; I have dined a little generously. Will you meet me to-morrow, madame, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, at five o'clock; there is music all the Tuesdays. Will you meet me? I have something of the last importance to tell you. Remember you that I know everything. I know that you hate this Long—cellotte. I will give you your revenge. You will come; is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered quickly.

"Upon the five hours? I shall wait for you near to the fountain."

"Yes."

Monsieur Bourdon rose, took up his hat with a drunken flourish, and dashed back to his friends. The Major and Mrs. Lennard had been all this time staring aghast at the drunken Frenchman. He had spoken in a low whisper to Eleanor, but neither Frederick Lennard nor his wife retained very much of that French which had been sedulously drilled into them during their school-days, and beyond ordering a dinner, or disputing with a landlord as to the unconscionable number of bougies in a month's hotel bill, their knowledge of the language was very limited; so Eleanor had only to explain to her friends that Monsieur Bourdon was a person whom she had known in England, and that he had brought her some news of importance, which she was to hear the following day in the gardens of the Palais Royal.

Mrs. Lennard, who was the soul of good-nature, readily assented to accompany Eleanor to this rendezvous.

"Of course I'll go, my dear, with pleasure; and really I think it's quite funny, and indeed actually romantic, to go and meet a tipsy Frenchman—at least, of course, he won't be tipsy to-day—near a fountain; and it reminds me of a French novel I read once, in English, which shows how true it must have been to foreign manners; but as the Major knows we're going, there's no harm, you know," Mrs. Lennard remarked, as they walked from the Hotel du Palais to the gardens. The diners were hard at work already at the chief restaurants, and the brass band was braying lively melodies amidst dust, and young children, and nursemaids, and a good many rather seedy looking Parisians and Parisiennes. It was a quarter past five, for Mrs. Lennard had mislaid her parasol at the last moment, and there had been ten minutes employed in skirmish and search. Monsieur Victor Bourdon was sitting upon a bench near the fountain, and darted forward as the two ladies approached.

"I'll go had look in the jewellers' shops, Miss Villars," Mrs. Lennard said, "while you're talking to your friend, and please come and look for me when you want me. The Major is to join us here, you know, at half-past six, and we're to dine at Vefours. *Good*-morning!"

Mrs. Lennard bestowed these final words upon the Frenchman, accompanied by a graceful courtesy, and departed. Victor Bourdon pointed to the bench which he had just left, and Eleanor sat down. The Frenchman seated himself next her, but at a respectful distance. Every trace of the tipsy excitement of the previous night had vanished. He was quite cool to-day, and there was a certain look of determination about his mouth, and a cold glitter in his light-greenish gray eyes that did not promise well for any one against whom he might bear a grudge.

He spoke English to-day. He spoke it remarkably well, with only an occasional French locution.

"Madame," he began, "I shall not waste time, but come at once to the point. You hate Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor hesitated. There is something terrible in that word "hate." People entertain the deadly sentiment, and shrink from its plain expression. The naked word is too appalling. It is the half sister of murder.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

"I have good reason to dislike him—" she began.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as he interrupted her.

"Yes, you hate him!" he said; "you do not like to say so, because the word is not nice. You are—what is it you call it?—you are *shocked* by the word. But it is so, nevertheless; you hate him, and you have cause to hate him. Yes, I know now who you are. I did not know when I first saw you in Berkshire; but I know now. Launcelot Darrell is one who cannot keep a secret, and he has told me. You are the daughter of that poor old man who killed himself in the Faubourge Saint Antoine—that is enough! You saw us that night—the night the wills were changed!"

"I did," Eleanor answered, looking at the man with sovereign contempt. He had spoken of the transaction as coolly as if it had been the most honorable and commonplace business.

"You are there in the darkness, and you see us," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, bending over Eleanor, and speaking in a confidential whisper; "you watch, you look, you listen; and after, when you go into the house, you denounce Launcelot. You declare the will is forged—the will is changed. You were witness, you say; you tell all that you saw! But they do not believe you. But why? Because when you say you have the true will in your pocket you cannot find it; it is gone."

The Frenchman said this in a tone of triumph, and then paused suddenly, looking earnestly at Eleanor.

She returned that look; a new light flashed upon her mind. She began to understand the mystery of the lost will.

"It is gone," cried Monsieur Bourdon, "no trace, no vestige of it remains. You say, search the garden; the garden is search, but without result. Then the despair seizes itself of you. Launcelot mocks himself of you; he laughs at your nose. You find yourself unhappy; they do not believe you; they look coldly at you; they are harsh to you, and you fly from them. That is so, is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered.

Her breath came and went quickly; she never removed her eyes from the man's face. She began to think that her justification was perhaps only to be obtained by the agency of this disreputable Frenchman.

"What then of the lost will? It was not swallowed up by the earth. It could not fly away of itself. What became of it?"

"You took it from me!" cried Eleanor. "Yes, I remember how closely you brushed against me. The paper was too big to go altogether into the pocket of my dress. The ends were sticking out, and you—"

"Did my best to teach you a lesson, madame! Ah when young and beautiful ladies mix themselves with such matters, it is no wonder they make mistakes. I was watching you all the time, dear madame. I saw you change the papers, and I drew the will out of your pocket as easily as I could rob you of that lace handkerchief."

The corner of a lace-bordered handkerchief was visible amidst the folds of Eleanor's dress. The Frenchman took the scrap of lace between his fingers, and snatched the handkerchief away with graceful gestures. He laughed as he returned it to Eleanor. She scarcely noticed the action, so deeply was she absorbed in the thought of the missing will.

"You have the will, then?"

"Si, madame."

"Why did you take it from me?"

"But why, madame? For many reasons. First, because it is always good to seize upon anything that other people do not know how to keep. Again, because it is always well to have a strong hand, and a card that one's adversary does not know of. An extra king in one's coatcuff is a good thing to have when one plays at ecarte, madame. That will is my extra king."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

He that scans a fence
Doth seldom make a clever leap of it;
Nine times in ten he baulks his spring, and falls
In the ditch; while he who takes it at a glance,
Goes flying over. Women are shrewd imps!
Behoves a man he thinks not of their pockets
When he is looking in their faces; for,
Wear he his eyes ever so langulshingly,
They'll find he's only working at a sum
In arithmetic. —*Knowles.*

☞ The Cause Of It.—Apes are probably human creatures who were left unfinished because they were made so late on Saturday that Sunday put a stop to the work.

☞ We once saw a young man bravely turning up his glass; he was a true-hearted, glorious fellow, and was, he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw a policeman hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to the station house. The wild oats were being harvested.

☞ It has been ascertained that the horses of France have increased and decreased in numbers, for several years, in the same ratio with the population. They maintain a constant rate of about 8½ per cent. of the population. In 1858 6,570 more horses were imported than were exported; France used that many more than were raised in the country.

☞ While the Duke of Wellington was residing at Walmer Castle, he visited one evening, into Trinity Church, in Deal. Seeing no sexton to seat him, he took a place in a roomy-looking pew, into which, after a while, a lady of pompous and portly appearance entered. Scowling at the intruder, and finding that did not scare him from the sacred precincts of her pew, she bluntly told the Duke that it was hers, and requested him to leave it, which he did, and took a seat elsewhere. But when he was leaving the church after service, he called the sexton to him, and, indicating the lady, said—"tell that lady that she turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening." As Mr. James Yellowplush would say, "phansy her phealins!"

☞ Bells were first brought into use by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the Campagna of Rome; hence a bell was called Nola, or Campagna. At first they were called saints, hence too-saint or toscin.

☞ Bull Run Russell's "History of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales" contains forty plates in colors and gold, and sells at $15. At this rate it is cheaper to get married one's self than to read the account of the Prince's wedding.

☞ What that fine quality of health comes from that affords the physical basis of sweet temper, clear thought, brave purpose and open vision, it is not easy to say; yet it is safe to declare that something more than much blood and full muscles are necessary to this result; and that they are and spendthrifts of nature and life who fail to win the precious gift, and who allow the flesh to clog or distract the spirit.

☞ One of the conscripts at Sunapee, N. H., is Ezra S. Eastman, who stands six feet seven inches in height, girts four feet nine and a half inches, and weighs three hundred and three pounds. He is a bachelor, forty-three years old, and has white hair.

☞ Advice to Young Ladies About to Marry.—Do; but if your husband that is to be is given to gambling, let it be a condition precedent to the marriage that he shall give it up; and when you put the announcement of your nuptials in the paper, add, for the information of his bachelor acquaintance, the significant words, "No sarda." A young lady adopted this ingenious course many weeks ago, and the happy bridegroom, so far, has not suggested even whist.

☞ Soft Soap for All Sorts.—For a lieutenant, call him captain; for a middle-aged lady, miss her, and say you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of Mechi and Mappins razor sellers.

☞ Western Rhetoric.—A mule was drowned while the Army of Gen. Rosecrans was crossing the Tennessee river. His last moments are thus graphically described by a correspondent of a western paper: "Notwithstanding his almost human agony and desperate exertions to save himself, he finally yielded up his breath in one great salnine sigh that floated to the surface in a frail bubble."

☞ The Charleston Courier thus acknowledges the cool courage of our sailors: "The Yankee captains fought their vessels with great gallantry. In the foremost monitor the Yankee captain was descried on the turret, which post he did not leave while the fight lasted. At the same time a man was seen at the bow of the boat very coolly engaged in casting the lead. It is believed, however, that this brave fellow was hit at last."

☞ In Lady Morgan's memoirs a story is told of a gentleman who was denouncing a certain Bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that he was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday?" "Of course he would," said a friend of the Bishop—"of course he would, if it was a *fast* horse!"

☞ Punch says he never could see that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all the mother country ever got from those provinces was wars, and fights, and rows—except the Canadian boat song, and even that commences—"Row, Brothers, Row."

☞ A mixture in equal proportions of flour and salt will have the desired effect in stopping bleeding grape-vines, when grafting wax and burning have failed.

☞ The London Court Journal relates that a young English lady, of seventy summers and a good deal of money, has just given her virgin hand to her butler, a lad of thirty-eight.

☞ The camels imported by Jeff. Davis, when he was Secretary of War, were sold at auction, in St. Louis, on the 15th of Sept. They were brought out from Smyrna, in the store-ship Supply, were used for transportation in Texas for some time, and were captured by the rebels and sent to Arkansas, where they were recaptured by Gen. Curtis. "Old Moses," the oldest of the three, was sold for $190; "Aderal" was sold to a circus manager for $205; and "Cleopatra" for $115. The animals cost the government about $10,000.

☞ All soaps are not suitable for washing. Lime water and olive oil form an insoluble soap totally unfit for washing purposes. A caustic alkali is necessary for the manufacture of washing soap; soda makes a hard and potash a soft soap with grease or oil.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Go-Betweens.—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean the creature who carries to the ear of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else would be inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-between, who, under the mask of a double friendship, act the part of double traitor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been firm and moderately active. The sales comprise 12,000 bbls, part taken for export, at $5.25@5.37½ for standard and good superfine, the latter for City Mills; $5.50@6 for extras; $6.75@8 for old stock extra family; $6@6.50 for low grade and fresh ground do, and $7@7.50 for fancy Ohio, and 1000 bbls near by mills at $4.50@4.75 ₱ bbl. The sales to the trade are to a fair extent within the above range of prices, and high grades are in demand. Rye Flour is scarce, with small receipts and sales at $5.25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and only 300 bbls found buyers at $4 for Penna, and $4.75 for Brandywine.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat prices are 2@3c better, and about 20,000 bus have been taken, in small lots, at $1.30@1.40 for common to good and choice reds, and $1.45 to $1.72 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is very scarce, and sells at $1.05@1.06. Corn is better, with sales of 40,000 bus at 90@94c for western mixed, and 94@97c for yellow. Oats have advanced, with sales of 15,000 bus to note, at 72@73c, weight. Barley and Malt are quiet.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer, but barrelled Meats are rather quiet at $14½ for Mess Pork, and $13@13.50 for Mess Beef, the latter city packed. Bacon is selling as wanted at 12@12½c for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders, and 7@7½c for Sides. Green Meats continue scarce and firm at 9½c for Hams, in salt, and 6¼c for Shoulders. Of Lard about 1000 packages sold at 10¾@11c for barrels and tierces, mostly at the latter rate for prime Western, and 12¾c for kegs. Butter is firm, and fine lots scarce. Prices range at 16@23c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 24@26c for New York. Roll sells at 20@23c for prime. Cheese is wanted at 12@13c, and fine very scarce. Eggs are worth 18@20c ₱ doz

MOLTON—The market has been excited, and 6@10c higher; the sales comprise 500@600 bales at 30@60c for inferior, and pickings up to 70@80c for ordinary to middling and good middling qualities.

ASHES are steady but quiet, with a small business to note in Pots and Pearls.

BARK—Quercitron has advanced, and with small receipts, (at No. 1 finds ready sale on arrival at $31 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is also firm.

BEESWAX—There is very little here, and sales are reported at 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market for this staple is firm, with a fair demand to go East.

COFFEE—The receipts continue very light, and prices are fully ½c higher, with sales of 800@900 bags, mostly Rio, at 29@31½c cash and time.

COPPER is firmer. Yellow Metal has advanced to 29c for Sheets and 31c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, at 53@55c ₱ lb, the latter for good western.

FRUIT—Foreign ranges in the basket. Apples are more active, and selling at $4.50@5.50 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is quiet and prices nominal.

HAY is firm, and selling to a fair extent at $20@21 ₱ ton.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here, and the market is quiet.

HOPS are inactive, with a small business doing at 18@28c; new range at 25@28c ₱ lb.

IRON continues in good demand, and Foundry Pig Metal very scarce. We quote at $31@32 for No 3, $34@35 for No 2, and $35@36 for No 1. About 1500 tons, mostly forge, sold at $32 cash. Scotch Pig is scarce at $36. Manufactured Iron is in active request, at former prices.

LEAD is scarce, and Pig is held above the views of buyers. White Lead has advanced ½c ₱ lb.

LUMBER—The market is firmer and more active, and white pine boards are higher, with free sales at $21@23; yellow sap do at $20@22, and white pine shingles at $18@21. Hemlock boards is selling at $12,50@13 in the water, and boards are worth $16 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is better, with sales of 400@500 bbls, in lots, at 46@47c for Cuba, and 48c for English Island, and 400 bbls New Orleans at 40@42c, on time.

OILS—Of Petroleum the sales have been limited, at 57@58c for refined in bond, and 67@68c free; sales of 2,000 bbls bonded oil are reported at our lowest figures. Crude is scarce, and quoted nominally at 36@38c.

RICE is unchanged but quiet at 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is no Cloverseed offering or selling, and we quote at $6@6.25 ₱ bus, the latter for prime new crop. Timothy is selling at $3@3.25 ₱ bus for new, but old crop is neglected and dull, with sales of 1000 bus at $2,50@2.75 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is better; the crushers are offering $2,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm. N. E. Rum is selling at 66@67c. Whiskey has further advanced, with large sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio barrels at 53@54½c—now held higher; hhds at 53@54c, and Drudge at 51½@52½c.

SUGARS have been very active, and prices 3/8@¼c higher than last week, with sales of about 3,500 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 11¼@12¾c, and Porto Rico at 13@13½c. About 700 boxes also sold at 10½@11¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firmer, with free sales of western and city rendered at 10½@11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is very firm. Pennsylvania seed leaf at 13½@25c ₱ lb.

WOOL is firmer and more active, about 170,000 lbs have been disposed of within the range of 65@75c, mostly at 70@75c for medium to fine fleece and tub, nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past amounted to about 2600 head. The market was dull, there being a decline in prices of 50c and upward ₱ 100 lbs on all grades. 150 Cows were disposed of at last week's prices. 9500 Sheep were sold at from 6¾ to 8¾ ₱ lb gross. 960 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,25 ₱ cwt net.

☞ One may say what he pleases if he only speaks through tears and from the heart. Loving tones carry truths unto the offending. When we are most tender at heart, our words are most powerful.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of Sept., 1863, by J. G. Wilson, Y. D. M., Mr. Andrew Faul, to Miss Mary A. Potts, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept. by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, Thomas W. Waples, to Emma E. Norlon, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. J. B. Barnard, Mr. William H. Forsyth, to Miss Sarah J. McLain, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept. at Camden, N. J., by the Rev. Mr. Reilly, Mr. William S. Hinshlein, to Miss Lizzie Freshman.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. A. K. Street, Mr. Joseph W. Goltra, of Lincoln, Illinois, to Miss Marsena A. Wilkes, of Camden, N. J.

On the 31st of Sept. by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, John M. Sterling, to Sallie L. Shuster, both of Frankford.

On the 25th of Aug. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Harry A. Steel, to Miss Matilda Hobson, both of this city.

On the 19th of Sept. by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. C. Garretson, to Miss E. L. Nesbenger, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Delanco, N. J. on the 26th of Sept., Daniel W. Fletcher Webster, in his 29th year.

On the 22d of Sept. at *Dwight, Illinois*, William Lomax, in his 37th year.

On the 28th of Sept. Mrs. Ellen Barnes, in her 28th year.

On the 28th of Sept. George H. Becher, in his 29th year.

On the 29th of Sept. Miss Esther Hannings, in her 26th year.

On the 26th of Sept. Edward C. Heppard, aged 30 years.

On the 26th of Sept. Mr. Charles Miller, in His 85d year.

On the 26th of Sept. Mrs. Catharine Johnson, in her 79th year.

On the 27th of Sept. Sarah A. Dull, in her 35th year.

On the 29th of Sept. Martha, wife of John Getty.

On the 24th of Sept. Sarah, relict of the late Jacob Laurence, in her 80th year.

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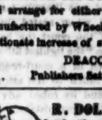

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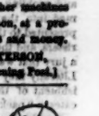

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Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 1862.

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Wit and Humor.

A HUMOROUS SHERIFF.

Nearly half a century ago, there dwelt in the town of ——, in old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney at law, who, although not fair to look upon, (for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man,) was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G. G——, Esq., was appointed high sheriff of the town of ——. He was a man of fortune, and had a kind heart, so many a poor prisoner could testify who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well known festivals, from the private purse of the high sheriff.

It was, of course, the duty of the high sheriff to summon a grand and petit jury to attend at the Quarter Sessions, of which the Recorder, Mayor and Aldermen of the borough composed the court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the petit jury, our high sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any town or country. In the first place he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a great deal of sweating, squeezing and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated, they presented to the eye of the court, the barristers, and the audience "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in a court-room. Literally they became, much to the astonishment of the court and its robed advocates, a "packed jury," and no mistake.

For the January term our facetious high sheriff (in consequence, it is said, of some hint from the recorder that there should be no more fat panels summoned to his court) went into the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the *leanest* and *tallest* men he could find in the borough, and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room for more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers. Now it so happened that among the latter were the perruquiers who dressed the recorders' and barristers' wigs, and some of the latter, arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in the court with their wigs undressed or half dressed, so as to out a very ridiculous figure, amid the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The high sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked as "grave as a judge," while he tried to keep silence in the court-room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish functionary occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury, at the summer session in July. For that term of the court, the high sheriff, not having the fear of the recorder, the mayor and the aldermen before his eyes, actually summoned a squinting jury. Twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to "well and truly try and true deliverance make between their sovereign lord and king and the prisoner at the bar."

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and aldermen followed suit. The barristers laughed, while their wigs became bald, powderless; nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put on their trial, and some of them to undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining the general cachination. And when the learned recorder commanded the high sheriff to bring the court-room to order, and intimated, with a half-suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of this court scene was heightened considerably by the quick, ready, and sonorous response of the high sheriff, who, looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed, "All good and lawful men, your honor."

ANTEDILUVIAN LIFE.—A friend thinks that life before the flood, must have been a great contrast to ours, and pictures it thus: Only fancy having two dried whales hanging in your larder, and a cold mammoth "cut and come again," on the sideboard. "Shall I help you to a bit of the Icthoyaturus?" "Thank you, I should prefer a slice of your Mastedon." "Stewed Plesiosauri! Leviathan *a la* crapoderie!" Imagine a bill not at twelve months, but two hundred years, and the fellow who carried off your plate-box, getting sent to the treadmill for four score summers. Consider an elderly gentleman, with a liver complaint of only one hundred year's standing, wearing out four sets of false teeth, and finally carried off, after a brief illness of three hundred and ten years, in a galloping consumption.

☞ Opportunities, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Some ambitious individual, without the fear of returning spirits before his eyes, thus parodies Shakspeare:—

All the world's a lie—
A mighty, jolly and enormous humbug;
And all the men and women merely liars.
They have their "*white* lies," and their "nigger whoppers,"
And one man in a day tells many lies,
According to his notion. There's the schoolboy,
Who says he's sick when he has played old hookey.
Then there's the lover, sighing like the bellows.
Then comes the soldier, who kills men and eats 'em
As he would larks. And then the fashionable lady,
Reading the papers in her rocking-chair.
Then comes the broker, shaving notes and charging
Like a mad trooper. Then the grocery man,
Who lives by selling roasted corn for coffee,
Sand for sugar, slate for coal, and camphene
For cognac brandy. Then the brigadier,
Who, knowing nothing of the art of war,
Leads men to slaughter, just to give him practice.
To these succeeds the oyster-cellar critic,
Who swears Miss Tompkins sings like Madam Grisi,
Alboni, Jenny Lind and Guerabella—
The whole four nightingales rolled up in one;
But soon the lie's found out, and he is left
Sans wines, *sans* oysters, kids and opera tickets.

LARGE FEET.

Here is an interesting dialogue between a Mississippi darkey, with awfully large feet, and a soldier:—

Soldier—"Say, can you dance?"
Negro—"No, sah."
Soldier—"Well, what do you do with those feet, then?"
Negro—"Dem? (looking down.) Oh, I walks wid dem."
Soldier—"Well, what do you do with them at nights?"
Negro—"Do wid 'em nights? Why—why—what does you all want to know what I does wid 'em nights for?"
Soldier—"Why, I wanted to know whether you leave them out doors or sleep with them."
Negro—"Why, I sleeps wid 'em, ob course."
Soldier—"Do you sleep with them one at a time, or bring them both into the same bed?"
Negro—"Ob course I gets 'em bof into de same bed."
"And sleep on the floor yourself?" pursues the inquiring soldier.
This last is a trifle too broad, and the darkey commences to suspect the soldier is quizzing him, and the boys, noticing that he wavers, give vent to the long-repressed laughter in shouts which made everything ring.

FUN IN A CHURCH.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal thus shows how "genuine fun at times gets into the church:"

In one of our meetings in which petitions from all sorts of persons are read for all sorts of things, one was read "for a young woman who had lost her first love." In the meeting was a person who frequently took part, whose habit it was to add "er" after some words, such as "Oh, Lord—er" "Hear our pray—er!" "Come and bless us—er." Being a believer in falling from grace, he had an eye to the young woman who had lost her first love; he arose to pray for her, which he did in this manner: "Oh, Lord, hear the prayer—er of this young woman—er who has lost her first *lover*." In each repetition of the word he called it "lover," and so emphasized the word "*first*" that the case seemed particularly hard from the fact that it was her *first* lover she lost. Had it been the second one, or any other, the affliction would not have seemed so great; and as the ardent prayer went forth that the lost lover might be restored, grave faces relaxed, and countenances unused to smile in the house of the Lord, could not resist the temptation. The idea of a stray lover being the theme of prayer was comical indeed. No one could keep his face straight.

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE-FIELDS.—Did I tell you ever, among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these stirring war times, how I saw on the Bull Run battle-field pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of emptied ammunition-boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head through the head of a Union drum—which doubtless sounded its last charge, or retreat, as the case may have been, in that battle—and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of bursted shell, in which strange cup it had been planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the graceful and beautiful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's great designs.

RATHER A KITCHENY WAY OF PUTTING IT.

HOUSEMAID.—"Oh—but it couldn't a bin 'er!"
COOK.—"I tell yer it were—she called upon missus this morning, and she 'ad on a pork pie 'at, and half a pheasant stuck in it!"

"ALONE—TOGETHER."

I.

Alone, I see the sunrise, from the rocks above the sea;
And the hamlet flushed with rosy light, seems fairy-land to me:
There dwells the pilot's daughter, whose dear love I'd die to win;
And the blue sky fills my heart with hope, while the merry tide flows in.

II.

'Tis noon—we stand *together*, on the sands beside the sea;
And the maiden, folded to my heart, is sworn my bride to be!
In the sunshine flash the sea-gulls, skimming waves of rippled light;
The fisher boats ride gaily, under cliffs of dazzling white.

* * * * *

III.

Alone, I see the sunset, from the churchyard near the sea,
For the cruel grave-stone at my feet, hides my darling's face from me!
Like some dark pall, the sea-weeds droop from ledges cold and gray;
The night-mists shroud the hamlet, and the tide ebbs fast away!

EVELYN FOREST.

☞ A curse is like a stone thrown up to heaven, and most likely to return on the head of him who throws it.

☞ The difference between perseverance and obstinancy: the first is a strong *will*, the other is a strong *won't*.

Agricultural.

LITTLE THINGS;

OR, A WALK IN MY GARDEN.

While looking with a friend at a handsome bed of cucumbers in my garden, I remarked I did not succeed in salting down cucumbers for pickles. "Oh," said he, there is one little thing you omit. Wet your cucumbers before you pack them in salt, and then pickle enough will form to preserve them." I suppose everybody else knew this little thing about salting down cucumbers, but I did not. This reminds me of another question he put to me. "Do you not find that the paint wears off from your kitchen floors very quick?" I replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "there is a little thing worth remembering about

PAINTED FLOORS.

Just mix varnish with your paint and it will last as long again." I have since found it so. A final coat of varnish will make it look finished. A word more about

CABBAGES.

My practice has been for many years to break off the loose leaves of the cabbage as soon as they begin to head and give them to the cows. Young pigs are very fond of them. They will head full better for it, especially if they are close together. But I must say a word here about

KEEPING APPLES.

Many persons complain that their apples rot badly. No wonder. They will barrel them up, keep them in an old shed till they are as cold as November can make them without freezing them, and then place them in the cellar where they condense all the moisture, and call it apple sweating. Then they will set the barrels on the damp ground or floor to gather moisture all winter. Perhaps they are barrelled up tight which will help them to rot all the sooner.

Now for a different plan. Barrel them up in the orchard, but not perfectly tight; take advantage of a warm day early in October, and put them into the cellar warm, and they will not sweat. Place your barrels on shelves as high in the cellar as you can get them. If your cellar is properly ventilated they will keep well. I preserved a barrel of winter sweets last year into June, with scarcely an affected apple. Squashes should be placed in the same position. A shelf in the highest part of the cellar will be found much the best for this purpose. Other methods for keeping apples are valuable, but this course is recommended for its simplicity and efficiency. An exception may be made to this mode where a furnace for warming the house is kept in the cellar.

NEED OF SUNSHINE ON TOMATOES.

I have tomatoes which blossomed the middle of June, and yet they are perfectly green the first week in September. So much wet has fallen and so little sun has shone upon them that they cannot ripen. While heading them in, one of my boys came along and said that he could not understand his lesson. This set me to thinking how to manage

DULL BOYS.

A boy may be dull and yet have a superior mind. There is all the difference possible between a dull boy and a dunce. The latter can never know much; on the contrary, a dull boy only requires that the instruction given should be slowly communicated, and in greater division and subdivision. Many a clever boy is ruined by being hurried over subjects more rapidly than he can comprehend. So I sat down with the boy, and taking a tomato in my hand, used it for illustration, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that my lecture was just as valuable to him as one from a scientific professor to a learned audience.

Yours, as little as ever,
N. T. T., *in New England Farmer.*

WOOL.—The history of the growth of wool is very curious. Fifty years ago not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country, the flocks were owned exclusively by the nobility or by the Crown. In 1794, a small flock was sent to the Elector of Saxony, as a present from the King of Spain, whence the entire product of Saxony wool, now of such immense value. In 1809, during the second invasion of Spain by the French, some of the valuable crown flocks were sold to raise money. The American consul at Lisbon, Mr. Jarvis, purchased fourteen hundred head, and sent them to this country. A portion of the pure, unmixed merino blood of these flocks is to be found in Vermont at this time. Such was the origin of the immense flocks of fine-wooled sheep in the United States.

SALT FOR CABBAGES.—A correspondent of the Farmer and Gardener tested the value of salt on cabbages, and with satisfactory results:—

After planting them out he watered them some two or three times a week with salt water, containing about fifteen grains of salt to the pint. The cabbages grew beautifully, and headed up very finely; while those which had no salt water given them, produced loose open heads, which were unfit for any other purpose than boiling. Rain water was given at the same time and in the same quantities as the salt water. He does not know how strong a solution of salt the cabbages would bear without injury, but is fully satisfied that a solution no stronger than that he used is decidedly beneficial.

A REAL FRIEND.

A friend—a real, true-hearted friend—is more rare than he should be. Why is it that selfishness predominates in the heart?—that he only is considered a friend who has money and influence! In the higher walks of life, how rarely is a true friend found—one who will act as he feels, and speak as he thinks. But among the humble and pure, you will occasionally find the germ of pure friendship. Ye who have found a true friend, appreciate his worth. If he labors to benefit you, say not a word, perform not an act, that will send a thrill of pain to his bosom.

If there is a crime that betrays a vile heart, it is the wounding of pure affection. Many a one has seen when too late the error of his course. When the grave has concealed his best friend, he felt—oh! words will not describe the feeling. Ye who are surrounded by the kind and good—the watchful and true-hearted—appreciate them, we pray you. Love them in return for their kindness, and to the close of life they will continue to guard and bless you.

Useful Receipts.

PIES AND PIE CRUSTS.

The following receipts were contributed to the "Herald of Health," by MRS. Mattie M. Jones, matron of the N. Y. Higienic Institute. If good pastry can be made without lard or butter, the gain to weak stomachs and pockets will be very great.

CREAM PIE-CRUST.—Take equal quantities of Graham flour, white flour, and Indian meal; rub evenly together, and wet with very thin sweet cream. It should be rolled thin and baked in an oven as hot as for common pie-crust.

NOTE.—This makes excellent pastry if properly baked. Many patients have said to us they did not see how they could ever again relish the pastry in common use. This is so much sweeter and more palatable, to say nothing of its wholesomeness.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Select a pumpkin which has a deep, rich color, and firm, close texture. Stew and sift in the ordinary manner; add as much boiling milk as will make it about one third thicker than for common pumpkin pie. Sweeten with equal quantities of sugar and molasses, and bake about one hour in a hot oven.

NOTE.—Those who will try this method will be surprised to find how delicious a pie can be made without eggs, ginger, or spices of any kind. The milk being turned boiling hot upon the pumpkin, causes it to swell in baking, so that it is as light and nice as though eggs had been used.

SQUASH PIE.—This is even superior to pumpkin, as it possesses a richer, sweeter flavor, and is far preferable. It is made in precisely the same manner as pumpkin pie.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Boil and sift through a colander, nice, ripe, sweet potatoes, then add boiling milk, and make the same as pumpkin pie.

SWEET APPLE PIE.—Pare mellow, sweet apples, and grate them upon a grater. A very large grater is necessary for this purpose. Then proceed as for pumpkin pie.

SOUR APPLE PIE.—Take nice, tart apples—spitzenbergs are best, although pippins, greenings, russets, &c., are excellent. Slice them; fill the under-crust an inch thick; sprinkle sugar over them; add a spoonful or two of water; cover with a thin crust, and bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven.

BERRY PIES.—Take nice ripe berries, wash and pick them over carefully; place them an inch or more thick on the under crust; strew a small quantity of sugar and a trifle of flour over them; put on the upper crust, and bake half an hour.

CRANBERRY TART.—Wash the berries in a pan of water, rejecting all the bad ones; simmer them till they become soft and burst open; strain through a fine wire sieve, removing all the hulls; add sugar to the taste; bake on a thick under-crust in a moderate oven.

PEACH PIE.—Select rich, juicy peaches, of a rather small and nearly uniform size. They should be very ripe; wash them thoroughly, to remove all the furs; fill the pie-dish with them; sprinkle sugar and a little flour over them; add a tablespoonful of water; cover and bake about one hour.

NOTE.—If whole peaches are not very ripe, it is better to pare, stone and slice them.

PLUM PIE is made in the same manner as the peach pie. It is not as wholesome, as it requires so much sugar to make it at all palatable.

APPLE PUFFS.—Make a crust the same as for cream pie-crust, using rather thicker cream, however; roll as thin as possible; cut out in small round cakes with a common biscuit cutter; take one of these, wet it around the edge, and place in the centre a teaspoonful of apple sauce. Take another, and cut with a small cracker cutter a hole in the centre about one inch in diameter; place the ring which is left upon the first one, and pinch the edges tightly together. Bake in a quick oven.

NOTE.—These, if rightly made, are very nice. Any kind of fruit may be used in place of apple sauce, by stewing it and simmering down till very little juice remains.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 2, 1, 5, inspires terror.
My 3, 6, 3, 5, is a loud cry or noise.
My 7, 6, 8, is a post.
My 5, 3, 4, betokens intellectual employment.
My 4, 5, 3, 5, is to venture.
My 5, 6, 7, denotes plunder.
My 3, 3, 3, 8, signifies uncommon.
My 7, 8, 2, 3, is to sustain.
My 4, 3, 1, is a bird.
My 3, 6, 1, is a disturbance.
My 7, 6, 1, is a salutation.
My 3, 4, 4, 3, 3, expresses regularity.
My 7, 3, 6, 1, is a portion of the face.
My 2, 5, 3, 6, 1, is a weapon much used in Indian warfare.
My 1, 6, 8, means distress.
My 7, 8, 6, 2, 4, is a principal article of food.
My 4, 6, 2, 5, is costly or precious.
My 7, 3, 6, 2, means width or extension.

My whole is a very useful article of furniture belonging to a chamber or dressing-room.

Baltimore. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unknown to music, yet I crown the lyre,
O'er which the hands of beauty gayly rove;
Gleam in the lightning's bright electric fire,
And melt to softness when I speak of love.
Found in all light, I live among the clouds,
And ripple gently in the smiling lake;
Sound in the bursting shell with echoes loud,
And tell of lustre in the white snow flake.
'Mid the rare plumage of the tropic bird,
In isles romantic and sweet blossoms fair,
I own a place, and still am ever heard
In whistling winds from Iceland, bleak and bare.
The end of evil, I am with the lost,
Linger in illness, with the lonely rest;
Yet to Elysium mount with angel hosts,
And breathe triumphant joy among the blest.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

ANAGRAMS ON UNION GENERALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

He call. K.	Oh! Shue Rats.
Lo! me girl.	Side Burn.
Yes. Bll.	T, for me, N?
Has. R. men?	Set no man.

R. J. McBRIDE.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I once owned a tract of land in the shape of a right angled triangle, whose 3 corners were an ash, a birch, and a chestnut tree; of which the line between the ash and the chestnut was the shortest side, and the line between the chestnut and the birch was the longest side. In the line between the ash and the birch, 120 perches from the birch stood a pine, and in the line between the birch and chestnut, 150 perches from the birch stood a maple. (The maple, pine and birch also forming a right angled triangle.) Now the distance from the chestnut to the pine was 170 perches. Who can tell me from this the area of said right angled triangular tract of land? and the distance that the ash and the maple trees are apart? DELTA.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first term, ratio and number of terms in a certain geometric series are all equal, and the sum of the extremes is 260. Required—the numbers? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find three numbers, each that the cube of the first plus the square of the second plus the third equal 8 times the first; the cube of the second plus the square of the third plus the first equal 9 times the second; and the cube of the third plus the square of the first plus the second equal 10 times the third. FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Barnesville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? Ans.—In the case of a watch.

☞ What is flatter than a flat? Ans.—A flatter-er.

☞ When are books like mummies? Ans. When they are bound in cloth.

☞ Why are the young ladies of Paris like printed slips? Ans.—Because they are *les belles* (labels.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA—The Constitution of the United States of America. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Traitor P. G. T. Beauregard." CHARADE—Uniform (U-nigh-form.) CHARADE—Talisman (Tall-is-man.)

The answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published August 29th, is: The tree is distant from the 1st corner 130 perches; 2d corner 144.3; 3d corner 183; 4th corner 229.65. GILL BATES.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published August 29th. The diameter of the required circle is 784.0506. Artemas Martin, Reuben Barto, E. Hagerty, and Gill Bates.

☞ Pity is a sentiment so natural, so appropriate to the female character, that it is scarcely merit for a woman to possess it, but to be without it is a grievous crime.